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The Nation

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1911.

The Week

People have been of two minds regarding the net result of President Taft's present stumping tour, but there is no longer reason for hesitation. Champ Clark declares that Mr. Taft is hurting himself by his much speaking, and that if he keeps on talking he will talk himself to death. Coming from the greatest authority on suicidal oratory, this must be taken as conclusive. If there is any form of indiscretion or of opening the mouth to put a foot in it or of general spilling over which Speaker Clark has not at one time or another illustrated, it would puzzle most of us to say what it is. He pronounces his opinion on the President's mistaken speech-making as one who is entitled to say *haud inexpertus loquor*. Mr. Taft may well dread that he may next be rebuked for loquacity by Mr. Bryan.

At the recent Internal Revenue Officers' convention in Detroit, President Taft challenged those who had charged him with "using patronage to accomplish something" to join with him in legislation which would enable him to put every local officer, "be he postmaster, internal revenue collector, customs collector, or anybody else filling an office of the United States in any of the States of the Union, under classified civil service." The challenge has provoked two sorts of replies. The more heartless recall the Norton letter of last summer, with its bald declaration that "the President felt it to be his duty to the party and to the country to withhold Federal patronage from certain Senators and Congressmen." The prompt dropping of this short-sighted policy, however, makes a consideration of the President's record as a whole the fairer basis of judging the Detroit avowal. On September 30, 1910, by executive order he transferred to the competitive service more than 3,500 postal employees, and the next day announced his intention of urging upon Congress the placing of postmasters of the first, second, and third classes under the merit system. In his December message he went further than this, advocating the classification of the heads of local offices of the customs and the internal revenue services as well as of the postal. Bills to carry out his recommendations were introduced in Congress. They are there still. As is pertinently pointed out in *Good Government*, a Democratic House which began its career by lopping off sinecures has not taken the most cursory notice of the bills, in which do-nothing policy it has been ably seconded by a Republican Senate.

Again the moral of Senator Stephenson's $107,000 is said to be that "direct" politics is too expensive for anybody but millionaires. Under the good old system of appealing to the politicians instead of to the people, the poorest might aspire to a seat in the Senate. But direct primaries require huge funds. This mournful view we get from the Chicago *Inter. Ocean*, which, it is to be feared, nothing but a "vindication" of Senator Lorimer can restore to cheerfulness. One thing, however, may be suggested for its comfort, and that is that the publication of expenses permits everybody to know, instead of being compelled to guess, the amounts. That is more than most Chicagoans know or ever will know regarding the sums that Mr. Yerkes and his kind expended at Springfield and Chicago in days when the indirect system was at the height of its glory. But limitation of expenditures is a salient part of "direct" politics. The Federal law imposes a limit of $10,000 upon Congressional candidates, New Jersey prescribes a limit in expenses, and such a provision was a vital feature of the Hughes measures in this State.

Gov. Dix may be excused for a little exaggeration in his praise of the direct-primary bill which he forced through the New York Legislature. To have so much as got his hat back from this Legislature naturally exhilarates the Governor. The bill is far from being perfect, and can be hailed as a fulfilment of pledges only in the sense that a half-loaf is better than no bread. At the same time, the violence of Republican attacks upon it is a little overdone. The *Tribune's* Albany correspondent frankly declares: "As a matter of fact, the bill in its present form isn't quite so bad as its antagonists say." It can fairly be said of it that it makes an advance over the present system, and will be a beginning in the application of the reform idea, upon which improvements may hereafter be made. The greatest objection seems to lie against the form of the primary ballot, and against the power given to party committeemen to nominate their own "regular" successors. But if there is anywhere in the State a revolt against the party management, the means of making it effective are placed in the hands of the opposition. More than that was hardly to be expected from a Tammany-controlled Legislature, and even this would not have been obtained but for Gov. Dix's insistent demand.

Senator Lodge and his machine were in full control of the Massachusetts Republican Convention last week. Not a Progressive was allowed to peep, and all was outwardly harmony itself. The Senator was at his best in dealing with the sacred tariff. In schedules "which have outlived their usefulness" there is to be, not an abolition of the tariff—oh, dear, no!—but a downward revision. By its friends, of course. Lodge is strong on that. There is to be no "crude and haphazard revision"; as we all know, between a haphazard Payne-Aldrich revision and a haphazard Underwood revision there is all the difference in the world. Subtle psychological influences give an entirely sinister bend to a revision by men who bear the Democratic label. Next Mr. Lodge cleverly follows up Mr. Taft's lead in injecting national politics into the Bay State situation by pointing out that, with a single exception, Massachusetts is the only State in which State officers are elected this year. Hence, says Mr. Lodge, Massachusetts's verdict will "be read by the entire country as first judgment upon the doings of a Democratic and Insurgent Congress and upon the wisdom of the Executive checks placed upon it."

The renomination of Gov. Foss is coincident with the adoption by the Massachusetts Democrats of a radical platform. It favors the submission to popular vote of a woman's-suffrage amendment, endorses the initiative and refer-

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endum and the direct election of Senators, urges immediate tariff revision, and expresses the hope that reciprocity with Canada may be obtained. The campaign thus opening will be especially interesting because the lure of this platform should draw to it Republican Progressives who can find nothing in the Lodge platform to encourage them. In other words, the election should show whether the popular Western doctrines of government have in any wise affected the conservative Massachusetts electorate. So far as the two candidates are concerned, the advantages of the campaign will be on the Democratic side. Attractive personally as Mr. Frothingham is, and widely popular, he is no orator to charm or to arouse enthusiasm. The chief question seems to be now whether Gov. Foss can make such a campaign as he did last year.

As in Massachusetts, so in Rhode Island this year's campaign finds the Republicans in a stand-pat position, with the Democrats as the party of progress. At least the latter advocate a Federal income-tax, ask for the direct election of United States Senators, "reasonable regulation" of the Trusts, and vigorously condemn President Taft for vetoing the tariff bills. This may not seem very radical in Iowa, but in Rhode Island, home of Aldrich and Wetmore, it is progressive enough. While the Republican Convention has not yet met, it is already assumed that its utterances will be far more conservative. Last year the Democrats came within 540 votes of electing Lewis A. Waterman as Governor. This year he is again to be the standard-bearer, with four other vigorous men to canvass the State with him, and, as in the contest between Frothingham and Foss in Massachusetts, the result will be of great value in indicating the extent of the Progressive movement in New England, if there is one. It is significant of the change which has come over the whole spirit of our politics that this question of progressiveness or conservatism is the real issue.

Mr. Henry T. Hunt, the Democratic, anti-Cox candidate for Mayor of Cincinnati, has issued a straightforward appeal to the voters of that city which leaves no one in doubt as to what his policies will be if he is elected. To an outsider it is precisely the statement an honorable man induced to run for high office would naturally put forth; but to Cincinnatians it must sound well-nigh revolutionary. Thus, Mr. Hunt pledges his word to end favoritism in the police and fire departments; to enforce the civil-service laws; and "to inaugurate free and open competition in all public work, and destroy immediately the present system of favored contractors and materials." More than that, Mr. Hunt is rash enough to promise to have the specifications for public work scientifically drawn, and then to follow them up with a system of inspection which will see to it that the city gets a dollar's worth of work for every dollar expended.

The triumph of Dr. Wiley calls attention to one important class in the community from whom no wailing appeals have arisen to high heaven to cease enforcing the laws and hurting "business." We refer to the ultimate consumer, who seems to have latterly dropped out of sight. When the Department of Agriculture rules against artificial or "process" methods of ripening fruit for the market it refuses to take account of the fact that a shortage in California citrus fruits has worked for high prices. People are not ignorant enough to suppose that adulterated and unfit foods can be driven from the market without some increase in the cost of food that is not adulterated or otherwise unfit. Here is a way, then, in which the enforcement of the pure food laws distinctly interferes with the "business" of every family in the land. Dr. Wiley's activity is apt to be felt in every moderate-sized domestic budget. Nevertheless, the country has rallied to the support of Dr. Wiley with a unanimity that must have been a revelation to his enemies. The American housewife's willingness to have her "business" interfered with if honesty and the law demand it, offers a refreshing contrast to certain howlings in the name of "big" business.

Chicago's investigation of crime and of the relation to it of the police begins to wear a very serious look. Following the discharge of a patrolman comes the conviction of a lieutenant upon the charge of allowing gambling at one of the leading ball-parks of the city, or at least of failing to show that any one else was responsible for it. This conviction followed the conclusion of his trial before the Civil Service Commission, which Mayor Harrison entrusted with the work. The importance of this action lies less in the rank of the officer involved than in its menace for the thirty policemen who testified that there was no gambling as charged. The Commission got at the matter directly by putting the lieutenant himself on the stand, despite the protests of his attorney. There he was forced to admit that he was convinced that there had been gambling at the park, and that none of his men did anything to stop it, although he had been officially informed of its existence, not only by private citizens, but from police headquarters. Mayor Harrison has apparently turned loose upon a long-existing but unmolested evil a determined body of intelligent men. If he holds to this line, the results will be as valuable for a truly Greater Chicago as a short time ago they would have been pronounced impossible.

It cannot be said that matters are progressing well at Coatesville. The first of the men under arrest charged with murder in connection with the burning of the negro Walker was released when brought into court, as the District Attorney announced that the State had no evidence upon which to convict the defendant. The next case was that of Joseph Schwartz, whom the State, represented not only by the District Attorney, but also by Deputy Attorney-General Cunningham, tried its best to convict. The jury promptly acquitted the man, although the Deputy Attorney-General declared that "no man was ever more guilty of a crime." The crowd in the courtroom "cheered wildly" when the verdict was rendered "for the defeat of justice and the victory of the mob; the jurors departed and were lionized by the cheering crowd." Mr. Cunningham is right in saying that this acquittal reveals the condition of affairs in Coatesville; that it was a "travesty on justice and proof that the mob is more respected than the law" in Chester County. By his own admissions, it was plain that Schwartz had gone into the Coatesville hospital masked and had helped to drag the victim to his death. What Northern State can hereafter criticise Southern leniency toward lynchers? And what does the sound citizenship of Pennsylvania say to it all?

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The circumstances attending the destruction of a Wisconsin town by the breaking of a power dam emphasize several phases of a problem that is rapidly forcing itself upon public attention. In Wisconsin there was hardly any loss of life. That was due to the fact that for some hours the dam had been known to be in danger, and the inhabitants of the valley were forewarned. But while a few hours' warning may be sufficient to avert loss of life, it is not enough to prevent the destruction of property, in which respect the Wisconsin town suffered as completely as Austin did. What the situation therefore demands is not a sporadic display of vigilance on the part of threatened communities after heavy rainfalls, but a systematic inspection of dams and reservoirs at regular intervals throughout the year. It is a function which the State might well assume without adding greatly to its burdens. The cost of a single disaster like that at Austin would defray the outlay upon such service for a generation.

The statistics of divorce among women college graduates show that only one out of fifty-seven of the unions entered into by them ends in this way. That is satisfactory, but not surprising. The familiar statement that one out of every twelve marriages in this country terminates in divorce is highly misleading, and misleading in a way that has mischievous consequences. The fault is not with the statistics, which are doubtless quite correct; the fault is in that too-ready reliance on the significance of averages which is the bane of the "average" commentator. The people among whom one marriage in twelve is dissolved by divorce belong to certain types, either personally or in environment, which it may be difficult to define, but which are certainly not what we are in the habit of regarding as the normal type of American man or woman. It is even probable enough that in certain perfectly definable classes the proportion of divorces is one-half, or even more, while in the great mass of the population, which lies outside of these classes, the proportion is perhaps one-fiftieth, or even less. That women college graduates, as a class, belong to the happier general body of the community, and not to the exceptional section of it that breeds the great bulk of divorces, is what might have been expected, and what the figures published indicate.

Garibaldi's only living son has come to the rescue of Italy's good name in the matter of the seizure of Tripoli. It pains him to hear on every hand that other nations regard the action of his own Government as an act of piracy, and so, asking for a hearing by virtue of the honorable name he bears, Ricciotti Garibaldi undertakes to set the matter straight. And here is the language in which he does it: "We are charged with piracy abroad. How can this be explained? Quite simply. Italy offered to buy Tripoli from Turkey. The offer was rejected, and Italy proceeded to take what Turkey would not sell." This is put forward with the air of being what Machiavelli called "verità effettuale," but we must say that the fifteenth-century Italians could say such things with a better grace than the moderns. Ricciotti Garibaldi goes on to remark that "many other nations have gone free of the charge of piracy, although they have taken lands without offering to buy them." No doubt; and there is the example of the man who boasted that he "took" Panama, and afterwards wrote that neither Washington nor Lincoln ever did a more honorable thing. That sort of talk will perhaps come later for Italy, but just at present she is having an unhappy time. It is too bad for the land-grabbers and the civilizers by force that there are still some dregs of international conscience left.

Mr. Balfour is not an ideal leader for a party in straits, but neither is the party of which he is the chief an ideal party to lead. His present stand, so far as it can be gathered from the reports of his speech at Haddington on Saturday, seems to be all that the situation admits of. It might be thought that the "last ditchers" had had enough, in the way of demonstration of their futility, to cause them to be content for a while with a display of prudence and calculation in the conduct of the Unionist party's campaigns; but it is stated that they bitterly resent the failure of Mr. Balfour to breathe fearful threatenings of what the Opposition will do in case the people of the United Kingdom, by their elected representatives, shall vote to grant Home Rule to Ireland. The fire-eaters had their way in the rejection of the budget by the House of Lords, and the consequence was that the House of Lords has been shorn of all but a remnant of its ancient power; if they had had their way again last summer, even that remnant would have lost most of what value it still has, through the swamping of the membership by hundreds of new creations. Mr. Balfour is lacking in that masterful human quality which makes the great leader; but he has a deal of shrewdness and common sense, and his idea of rebuilding, as far as may be possible, the power of his party and of the House of Lords is infinitely more promising than the blind pertinacity of the last ditchers in a policy of unthinking defiance.

In a letter received by the London *Economist* from "a distinguished German publicist, who is in very close touch with the Government," the writer, after setting forth his view of the Morocco question, indicates what is, in his judgment, the only way really to put an end to the tension both between Germany and England and between Germany and France:

> Despite the great bitterness that has been caused here by the attitude of English statesmen, and, at the same time, of the English press, I still hold to my previous conviction that the safety of the future depends on an Anglo-German understanding. And this end can be reached if the two Governments will coöperate in carrying out the policy of the open door throughout the whole world. Only when we two have come to an agreement is it possible to think of an improvement in the relations between France and Germany.

How close is the connection between the spirit of protectionism and that of international hostility and violence, such a view of the underlying cause of Anglo-German and Franco-German friction should serve to remind us. It is therefore all the more gratifying to see multiplying signs of the way in which the high prices of the time are provoking discontent with the protectionist system in Germany and other countries. The Berlin *Tageblatt*, in an article elsewhere cited by the *Economist*, gives a comparative table of the price of wheat at New York, Liverpool, Berlin, and Paris, showing that the price of a ton at these four centres (in marks) is 154, 166, 206, 211, respectively; and the German paper comments bitterly on the deliberate placing of this burden on the people by the protective tariff.

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PINCHOT'S ATTACK.

In last week's issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*, Gifford Pinchot has a long article severely attacking President Taft and calling upon the Republican party to prevent his renomination, partly on the ground that "the battle for Mr. Taft's election would be lost in advance." Mr. Pinchot assigns many general reasons: the people have "lost confidence" in the President; "Mr. Taft has himself supplied the proof that he cannot be trusted"; "there can be no reason" why the President's "recent turning in the direction of Progressive policies should deceive the rest of us"; "the renomination of President Taft would drive great numbers of Republican voters, who believe in principles rather than in names, either to refrain from voting at all, or to vote for a Progressive Democrat." That Mr. Pinchot himself would be found among the latter class, he leaves no doubt: "I am loyal to the Republican party . . . but I reserve the right to vote for the principles I hold wherever I find them."

Mr. Pinchot disclaims, quite unnecessarily, the suspicion that he is arraigning the President out of "malice," or "in revenge for any fancied injury." His motives are not in question. Nobody whose opinion counts has ever challenged Mr. Pinchot's sincerity, or his entire devotion to the causes with which his name has been identified. But he has frequently given occasion to doubt his good judgment, and to deny the force of his reasoning. He does that glaringly in his present article. A good part of it is taken up with a letter which he wrote to Col. Roosevelt on December 31, 1909, when the latter was in Africa. This was an amazing production at the time, and its publication now is still more amazing. For among the sixteen specifications which Mr. Pinchot then gave the ex-President in proof of his assertion that "Mr. Taft has gone far toward a complete abandonment of the Roosevelt policies," there are some that are simply puerile, others that betray an entire lack of the sense of humor, others that have been destroyed by the lapse of time, and still others that it is hard to conceive how any man in full possession of his reasoning faculties could put forth.

"Dear Theodore" was told that it was "too bad" to have such a letter reach him at Khartum. The traveller must indeed have thought it too bad to read of the crimes of his successor which were virtues in himself. He must have been tempted to chuckle when told by the serious Mr. Pinchot that President Taft had wickedly striven for "party solidarity," and had "yielded to political expediency." This to the man who had been the most regular of the regulars and had never hesitated to make a "practical" political bargain! The Colonel must have grinned broadly when he read of another of Taft's misdemeanors, "the appointment of Hitchcock" and the "spoils system" in filling offices. It was this same Hitchcock who was Roosevelt's right-hand man in rounding up the Southern postmasters and collectors in order to force Taft's nomination. And we should fancy that Mr. Roosevelt's laughter could almost have been heard in Cairo when he read that Mr. Taft's villany was shown by his having "affiliated himself in Congress with Cannon, Aldrich, and Hale." What else had he himself been doing for six years? At one point, however, the Colonel must have ceased smiling. That was where the letter spoke of "the attacks upon yourself in Congress during the last session of your term," which Taft might have checked by "a word" but did not. This was getting on the raw.

Perhaps the most telling example of Mr. Pinchot's loose reasoning occurs in the ninth specification of President Taft's high crimes and misdemeanors: "He signed and now defends a tariff bill . . . following the passage of which the cost of living rose beyond all precedent." It certainly is "too bad" for "Dear Theodore" or anybody else to have such a jumble put before him. Mr. Pinchot would know how to deal with a person who attacked the conservation policy in this fashion. He would insist upon first having the facts established and then upon drawing the correct inferences from them. But in this particular assault upon Mr. Taft he stopped for nothing of that kind. The world-wide rise in prices, which had been going on for years, he was ready to attribute to an American tariff law which had then been in effect less than five months! By that sort of thing, any man puts himself out of court.

There will be, of course, a great many inquiries why this carefully prepared attack on the President by Mr. Pinchot should have been made just at this time. Is it merely a part of the general hostility of the Progressives to Mr. Taft? Was it published with a view to the effect upon their coming conference to plan their campaign against the President's renomination? Some will believe that there is more in it than that. They will ask if Mr. Roosevelt was privy to the publication of the article, and if there is not special significance in Mr. Pinchot's reprinting to-day his language of 1909: "The hold of your policies on the plain people is stronger than ever. Many of your former enemies are now your friends." In other words, the Progressive and Insurgent Republicans, if they are to make head, must be not simply *against* a given candidate, but *for* one. Who is the latter to be? Not La Follette; most of them admit that he is impossible for next year. But who then? There really can be no doubt what Mr. Pinchot's choice would be. But, then, there is that formal appeal of the Colonel to all his loyal friends not to "embarrass" him by bringing forward his name in 1912, since a movement to nominate him in that year would be a "genuine calamity." So Mr. Pinchot has to remain vague and keep us guessing. But it is a good guess that before the Progressives get much further some of them will be sending urgent appeals to the great original Progressive to lead them.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN JURIST.

Each day adds to the number of men who are ready to advise the country just what is involved in the Supreme Court decisions against the Standard Oil Company and the American Tobacco Company, and to pronounce confidently upon the next step that must be taken. Mr. Bryan was, of course, early in the field—so early, in fact, that he had apparently not read the decisions. At all events, he did not correctly state their import, and has since been pretty quiet about the matter. Somewhat more authoritative utterances than his have since come from President Taft and from lawyers like Mr. Hornblower. The latter's address before the American Bar Association was instructive in showing that the latest decisions of the Supreme Court were really in line with earlier ones. But the flood of comment and criticism has been by no means confined to those who might claim special competence to speak on these intricate legal

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matters. Every American enjoys the inalienable right to express his opinion freely upon what he does not understand. Laymen rush in where lawyers fear to tread. Mr. George Perkins has placed his vast knowledge and unselfishness at the disposal of the public, in his repeated elucidations of the Anti-Trust law and the court decisions under it. No man need feel himself so ignorant as to shrink from giving his view of what the judges meant, or should have meant.

All this is really a good old American custom. It is a part of our "manners of liberty." Nor should we dwell merely upon the humorous aspect of these reviews of the Supreme Court by farmers in *banc* around the stove in a country store. If we have really gone in for government by discussion, we can put no limit upon popular threshing out of all sorts of public questions. In guaranteeing to citizens "freedom of speech," the Constitution does not say that only those shall speak freely who are worth hearing. And even from uninstructed discussion some good is to be got. From it we may at least learn the immense difficulty of making government by consent work well when it sometimes seems as if there were as many opinions as men.

It must not be forgotten, however, that while democracy is committed to this kind of rough-and-tumble debate on all questions that deeply interest the people, every man turning his mind inside out that we may see its contents or emptiness, it is important not to attach factitious importance to what any individual says. We are all in danger of being misled by names; and it is easy to carry over authority in one sphere to a realm where it may be no authority at all. For example, there has just come to our notice an article on the Sherman Law and the Supreme Court by the President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Published in a Boston financial journal, it is evidently put forth as of great weight on account of its author's scientific eminence. We hasten to add that the article is no haphazard affair. It contains much good sense soberly expressed. In its strictly legal parts President Maclaurin seems to be as one walking on unfamiliar ground, but that is only natural. Taken for what it is worth, his discussion of the situation as it is left since the Supreme Court spoke is entitled to a respectful hearing, even if it is not particularly illuminating. But the tendency always is to exaggerate the importance of what a man distinguished in one province of thought or activity may have to say about quite another.

One recalls the great acclaim which John Tyndall received from the English Unionists when he came out against Home Rule for Ireland. There you had the voice of "science," and were the Liberals so besotted that they would not listen to it? This was eminently the scientific age, and what hope was there of making our political verdicts sound, if we despised scientific authority? It was, of course, easy to riddle this argument. No Socratic dialogue was needed to show that a man who knew all about heat and so-called spontaneous generation was not necessarily the one to speak the final word about a great healing policy of government. To assert the contrary was good neither for politics nor for science. Now, we have not the slightest idea that President Maclaurin would claim anything like scientific precision or authority for his views about combinations in the business world, and what the law has to say of them, but others may not be so discriminating. For them it will be enough that the head of the great technical institution of Boston declares that the decisions of the Supreme Court have left us "little wiser than before as to what constitutes illegal restraint of trade," and they will say that to differ with that view is to be disrespectful to "science." "Oh, star-eyed science, hast thou wandered there?"

It is one thing to admit that we have to endure the strife of tongues in the ongoing of democratic government, but quite another to say that unfounded assumption of authority, or folly, or clamor, is certain to get the best of it in the long run. With the speaking faculty, Americans have also the listening. Even the amusingly bumptious man may be quick to detect and resent bumptiousness in another. "The idea of Hezekiah Hopkins setting up as an authority on currency and banking!" "Well, I see that Squire Peterkins has told them Washington judges a thing or two!" It is that kind of breezy comment upon the commentators which helps to save our democracy from being led by the nose by charlatans, or from being carried away by every wind of doctrine. Every man may feel competent to be his own jurist, and yet scorn the suggestion that Tom, Dick, and Harry have any right to attempt to settle the Supreme Court's business. So we do, in the end, get opinions weighed as well as counted, and find order coming out of the hurly-burly.

WORKINGMEN AND DISEASE.

No less than three of the leading magazines this month devote long and thoughtful articles to the subject of "industrial," or "occupational," disease. The question of workingmen's compensation has been actively discussed of late. Legislation, following in the wake of public opinion, has accepted the principle that what we describe as accidents are to a very great extent only a regular incident of industry as it is carried on to-day. Two lines of action necessarily follow. Accident in industry must be reduced to a minimum by the adoption of all possible safeguards; and where accident cannot be eliminated, it must be recognized as a constant factor to be taken into account and provided against by some form of compensation or insurance. The latest advance has been made in recognizing that the American workingman is subjected, as a necessary incident of his daily occupation, to various forms of disease which may maim or slay less rapidly than "accident," but which in the long run are as surely fatal.

Occupational disease harvests its victims in two ways. Special industries give rise to their own peculiar ailments, or render the workingmen susceptible to certain common types of disease. In this country there are few statistics dealing with disease or mortality as an accompaniment of industry. German statistics have been utilized by one of our leading insurance actuaries in forming an estimate of the prevalence of occupational disease in this country, and its significance when translated into money values. Assuming an industrial population of 33,500,000, German experience would indicate 13,400,000 cases of sickness during last year, with an aggregate ailment period of 285,000,000 days, and a waste in wages, medical cost, and employers' losses of nearly $800,000,000. More striking even than this vast money waste is the preventable loss of life, which our expert estimates at one-fourth of the total number of 330,000 among American wage-earn-

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ers. Here, indeed, is a problem of "conservation" that calls for our closest attention.

It is not necessary to go into a lengthy enumeration of the special forms of occupational disease. "Phossy jaw," caisson disease, lead poisoning, eye-disease among coal-miners, deafness among steel and iron workers, are some of the common forms. As for the general forms of disease to which workingmen are susceptible, experience is supplemented by such fragmentary figures as we have on the subject. Earl Mayo, in the *Outlook*, cites a report issued by the Bureau of Labor at Washington dealing with the prevalence of pulmonary tuberculosis and pneumonia among workers in dusty trades, compared with the same diseases in non-dusty occupations:

CASES PER 100 WORKERS.

Class of employment.	Tuberculosis.	Pneumonia.
Workers in metallic dust	28	17.4
Workers in mineral dust	25.2	5.9
Workers in mixed dust	22.6	6.
Workers in animal dust	20.8	7.7
Workers in vegetable dust	13.3	9.4
Workers in non-dusty trades..	11.1	4.6

A similar state of affairs is revealed by the mortality report of the United States Census, although the subdivision of occupations is not carried far enough for accurate deductions. But foreign experience confirms the facts underlying the problem. We have referred to German figures. In England, the Workmen's Compensation Law, adopted in 1906, placed six industrial diseases in a class with accidents for which compensation was allowed. At the same time the public authorities were empowered to add to the list as necessity demanded. Within five years the number of recognized diseases has risen from six to twenty-seven.

But while there is no need of formal statistics to prove the existence of a problem, we must have figures as a preliminary step toward effective remedial legislation. And more than that: figures that bring out the seriousness of the evil and place it in contrast with the comparative ease of remedying it, cannot but act as a spur to the public conscience. A harmless process of manufacturing matches has been discovered, but since it increases the manufacturing cost of matches by about *five per cent.*, the new method has failed of general adoption "through the fact that those makers who used it were placed at a disadvantage in competing with others not employing it, so long as its use was not compulsory." In other words, the wasting of one match in twenty necessitates the continuation of phosphorus-poisoning with its attendant horrors. Figures can be made to bring out the difference, as measured in life, between a conscientious attempt to safeguard the workingman and the neglect of him. Of two Illinois factories engaged in the production of white lead, one in which no effort was made to safeguard life, although employing only eighty hands, was compelled to renew virtually its entire working force every ten weeks; the other establishment, conducted on a more civilized basis and employing twice as many hands, took on less than a hundred new hands during the year. Such figures cannot fail in their effect on public opinion.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE PRESIDENT.

With the opening of the academic year the question of the university presidency and the university professorship, what they are and what they ought to be, again comes to the fore. In accordance with a growing custom among us, the installation of a new president for the University of Vermont has been made the occasion for gathering educational magnates from far and wide, and has been invested with as much impressiveness as possible. The new head of the institution comes out of the West, and there is in the utterances with which he inaugurates his career in the staid little old State of Vermont a certain *naïveté* and also a certain exuberance to which the people of that longitude are not altogether accustomed. "Let dumbness strike him who would use his voice against the songs and shouts of joyous college men when they triumph in oratory or debate. Restrained be the arm of the tyrant who would reach out a hand to throttle class spirit. Blinded be the eyes of him who will see nothing but evil in devotion to fraternity." This little extract from President Benton's address, at his formal inauguration last Friday, gives an impression, conveyed also in passages from his other addresses, of a man belonging to a somewhat simpler type than that which we generally associate with the idea of a university or college president.

We find in the newspaper report of the present address only one passage that bears pointedly on the question of the professor's place in the universe—that question which has, in recent years, been so constantly on the minds of American university presidents. "Personally," says President Benton, "I should rather have an institution with five big men in it as leaders in instruction than to have an institution with fifty little men on its staff." The sentiment that seems to be conveyed in this utterance we most heartily approve; it looks away from the mechanical notions of university "organization" that have lately been so much in evidence, and that have become crystallized even in the habitual forms of speech of many university presidents. We constantly hear of measures taken to insure the efficiency of the "teaching force," in language precisely modelled upon that which the foreman of a machine shop might use in regard to the workingmen under his orders. It would be a pleasure to note, even in the case of a minor institution like the University of Vermont, an utterance from its administrative head that indicated intelligent protest against such an attitude.

But, in spite of Dr. Benton's appreciation of "big men" for professorships, we are constrained to deny ourselves this pleasure. Indeed, the particular motive for giving to his address such extended notice lies in the instructive nature of the incongruity between this desire to have big men in the professorships and the methods of university "organization" and "management" which are laid down in the new president's programme, as given in his address to the faculty at the opening of the academic year a fortnight ago. From this we see that the new president has instituted a "Committee on Efficiency," which is to ascertain "just how much work each member of the educational staff is doing in the matter of instruction, what he is producing in connection with the literature of his chosen line of specialization, and—in short—to determine his value to the institution as compared with that of his colleagues." We have had occasion heretofore to notice a similar application of modern business methods to university organization; and the general idea which it embodies appears to have gained foothold among up-to-date college presidents. It is therefore worth while to say some plain words about it when occasion offers.

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It cannot, then, be too directly stated that this cult of "efficiency" in universities involves a gross and fundamental error. It transfers, with crude and blundering literalness, principles that may be of the highest moment in the world of industrial production to a domain in which, if they have place at all, they are of altogether secondary importance. Nor is the proposed method defective simply because the value of the teacher's and the scholar's work is incapable of the kind of quantitative measurement which suffices for the output of a factory; this alone is a most serious, if not fatal, objection, but it is the least of the reasons against the application of the ways of factory supervision to the conduct of institutions of learning. Not only is your measurement liable to grievous error, but in the very act of subjecting to systematic inspection and appraisal the intellectual activities of the professors of a university, you are pronouncing in advance the doom of your aspirations for real excellence, for genuine superiority. Most men who have it in them to become "big men" will be fatally repelled from a calling in which their tenure depends on periodical committee verdicts as to their efficiency. Such of them as do enter upon it will have their sense of independence and individuality sadly impaired by the consciousness of such a status. The devotees of "efficiency" overlook the fact that, whereas the factory superintendent has only to think of the output, the wealth of the university lies in the men themselves. It was not through any system of inspection, but through the firm establishment of the principles of personal independence and permanence of tenure, that the universities of Europe achieved their greatness; and the advance of this country toward their standards has been accomplished along the same lines. To substitute "scientific management" in place of this broad and inspiriting policy is to practise the greedy and short-sighted thrift of him who kills the goose that lays the golden egg.

OVER-SCIENTIFIC FOOTBALL.

It is no new idea that intercollegiate sport, and especially football, has grown to be too terribly in earnest. We are not speaking just now of the well-grounded objection to its excessive notoriety or of its extravagant demands upon a student's time. We mean a protest formed in the minds of those who give such criticisms little thought and who would be disappointed if the "big games" were abandoned—that is, the general graduate body. For them it used to be an impressive spectacle to see the strength of one college set against that of another. Here were young warriors invested for the nonce with all the symbolic power which traditions of long standing—created not only on the gridiron, but here, there, and everywhere in the wide domains of these institutions—could possibly bestow. They became, let us say, Yale and Princeton endurance, resourcefulness, ambition matched. The men were not merely themselves, they were enlarged heroes such as Homer knew, they were, in a word, the idealized presence of "Eli" Yale and John Harvard exchanging noble buffets. Of late, graduates have found that picture somewhat blurred.

The reason for it is clearly to be sought in the greater science which is entering more and more into the conduct of all branches of the game. As one writer has put it, who has his eye on the new rule permitting players to return to the game after being removed:

> A goal might be kicked; so a strong line-plunger is removed that a man who can do little else but kick may make the score. A strong defence is needed near the goal; take out the fast back and put in the burly one. Revert to the original player when the offence begins!

The rule, as we understand it, was introduced for humane reasons, to give a player injured or temporarily exhausted a breathing spell. In that respect it serves a good purpose. But, practically, it tends to make the game more "scientific" and the players puppets, by placing the chief control at all stages in the hands of the coach. In mid-field the generalship is left by courtesy to the quarterback; when the ball reaches the danger zone the coach virtually gives the signals himself. Not only does he reinforce the defence, but sends a man in to whisper to the quarterback his orders. With the present rule this can happen whenever a tight pinch arises. As may be imagined, the resourcefulness and quick thinking which should be present in players to justify sport have been, to no small degree, transferred to a supposedly omniscient brain on the side lines.

Coaching has undoubtedly come to stay, for by it games are won, just as in professional baseball the manager is all-important. Players cannot of themselves, it seems, learn "inside" tactics, or even apply them after they are taught, without unremitting aid of the coach. The problem thus created is serious, and not to be solved offhand. So long as intercollegiate games are played the desire to win is inevitable. And the coach who should say to his men before a clash, "Never mind if you don't win; it's no disgrace to be beaten," would be held to be as clearly futile as a general who should so address his army. A certain fanaticism in sport, provided it does not countenance unfair tactics, has always been relished and may be praiseworthy. In a smaller way than in football the man who would just as lief lose, or at least would not exert every ounce of himself to win, in tennis or golf, makes it "no fun" for his adversary. To go through a set of exercises listlessly is perhaps excusable; to show the same spirit toward a game, some would call contemptible. For this reason undergraduates should not themselves be blamed for trying to procure for their football teams the best possible equipment.

The problem is one for older heads to tackle. In trying to keep up with the efficiency of professional sport is not football becoming professional, and, for all its vaunted man-producing qualities, is it not sure to impress upon players, under the present system, a professional caste? The man who can merely punt and is not strong enough to tackle and is no runner, may prevent defeat for his team by entering the game for a moment only; he cannot be called a real football player. And the quarterback who is all the time looking to the coach for his signals receives no proper training in generalship. If the characteristics are to be instilled which supporters of the game insist that it does create, players should be left, when a contest once begins, to carve out their own fortunes, and substitutions should be made only when signs of weariness are evident. There is interest in intercollegiate tennis and golf, and yet there the participants follow methods and plans of their own.

The point and protest we record are confirmed by a growing feeling among thinking graduates that an infinitely versatile "machine" is not the highest

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thing to be desired, even though it be the most effective. And on this very point the doubt is arising whether "machine" football is not a mistake in the sense of losing games sometimes that might have been won by individual initiative. Team-work, all admit, is necessary in football, but this is far removed from the present system of shaping a player for one sort of attack or defence only, or a policy approaching that at least. Football, to be at its best, should turn out men of well-rounded ability, which will never be the case so long as the rules permit of minute specialization and invest the coach with so much directing power. The change, we realize, is not for one college to make, but for all.

ON ENGLISH VERSIFICATION.

Is the popular desire for enlightenment on the technique of verse growing? Three manuals, coming together, suggest at least that the teachers of English, in the several countries of their authors, think that the means at hand for widening the circle of such enlightenment can be improved.*

I.

The first is just what Professor Matthews calls it, "a textbook of metrical rhetoric," aiming "to explain to the inquirer the technique of verse-making and to show him how the poets have been able to achieve their effects." The author has partly in mind college classes who are studying that element of poetic form, preferably with practice in writing in as many forms of verse as possible. He emphasizes the value of such practice, of course not with a view to making poets, but as an aid to flexibility in prose-writing and to livelier appreciation of the verse of the masters. But Mr. Matthews writes quite as much for the general reader whose interest in poetry leads him to study the mechanism of versification; and he does not in the least fall between two stools. Historical development is never forgotten, but it does not provide the framework. The order of topics, a chapter to each, is rhythm, metre, rhyme, tone-color; then the stanza, the sonnet, other fixed forms, rhymeless stanzas, the couplet, blank verse, poetic license. An appendix offers good suggestions for study and a brief bibliography. The latter might well have been longer; it is odd that the fullest bibliography of all, T. S. Omond's "English Metrists in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries" (Oxford University Press, 1907), is not mentioned. There is an adequate index. On the heroic couplet and on blank verse the treatment is more historical than elsewhere; the examples and excellent comments thereon should enable any one to hear and appreciate the subtle modulations whereby those simple instruments have been made to yield so various music. The book is eminently readable, direct, well adapted to cultivate the ear and taste of any one who has not already gone far in the study. Occasionally Mr. Matthews is careless; how came he to weaken Tennyson's line,

> And murmuring of innumerable bees,

by dropping the last syllable of the second word? For amateurs and students he is undoubtedly right in urging that rhyme should be perfect. But is not something to be said for the artistic judgment of the great poets, when they have thought good to employ those less perfect rhymes in which Mr. Matthews can see only defect?

Professor Saintsbury's title indicates his different aim. Historical development is his main thread; prosody is his theme, rather than the larger subject of versification, though, in fact, he includes most of Mr. Matthews's topics. His 347 pages are larger than the 275 of Mr. Matthews, from whom he differs also in giving some space to Old English and Middle English pre-Chaucerian verse. He, too, writes in part for students corresponding to our college students and in part for the general reader. The work is not simply an abstract of his "History of English Prosody" in three volumes (the third of which was noticed in the *Nation* of July 28, 1910), but rather, in the author's phrase, "a parallel with a different purpose." Like Mr. Matthews, he reduces prosodic theory to the minimum, and would teach mostly through annotated examples. To his examples, only one American is allowed to contribute; some lines are taken from "Evangeline," and the "reasoned list of poets" in book iv includes Poe and Whitman, of course, but no others from this side of the Atlantic. In an "historical" manual, perhaps, that does no injustice. Mr. Matthews, as we should expect, draws largely from our native poets, as well as those of the mother country. This of itself would lead an American instructor to prefer the American book, unless, indeed, historical development is to be the sole interest. But there are other reasons for such a preference. Mr. Saintsbury's arrangement involves some needless confusion and repetition. And it must be added that other faults characteristic of Mr. Saintsbury are not quite outgrown in this latest volume. Yet it is so good on the whole that any teacher who is using the book of Mr. Matthews ought to have this at hand for comparison; the general reader, especially if an American, may be content with that of Mr. Matthews, which may be placed beside the admirable little book of Professor Lewis on "The Principles of English Verse." It is fuller than the latter, less personal in tone, but similar in spirit, and equally good reading.

The third volume in our list is a textbook, written originally for German students of English philology. The preface promises a "strictly scientific account" of the development of English prosody from the earliest times. About a third of the book (pp. 1-126) is devoted to Old English (Anglo-Saxon); to all Modern English is allowed about the same space, beginning with page 266, though some pages of the intervening section on Middle English are given to a description of stanza-forms current later. These proportions indicate the author's interest and his point of view. Æsthetic criticism is nearly excluded, probably as not "strictly scientific"; the treatment of verse from Chaucer down is evidently inadequate, occasionally quite wrong. Of American students, probably all who would care for Professor Kaluza's careful statement and brief discussion of discrepant views on the structure of Old English verse could use without difficulty the original German, or would go to the fuller discussion of the scholars whom he summarizes. One hardly sees, therefore, why the book needed to be translated, or just what public it would serve.

II.

All three authors agree on the general nature of the foot as a time-measure, with one syllable made prominent by accent; they agree also in stopping short at the critical point, declining to follow out logically the principle they accept, and to describe the foot in terms of time, which is all that quantity means in prosody. Mr. Saintsbury occasionally solves a problem quite correctly by this means; but more often he shies at it. To this criticism all three would reply that they avoided that subject on principle and for good reasons; it is contentious matter, on which they could not touch without giving it too much space and changing the character of their books. The answer to that is, that by lack of clarity on this point each author leaves obscure several topics on which a thoughtful reader seeks light, and by so much the books fall short of their purpose. Controversy was not necessary. Definite acceptance of the logical results of their own doctrine would have added much to the usefulness of each book, and not five pages to its length. It is easy to see what restrains Mr. Matthews and Mr. Saintsbury. Those who describe the rhythm of English

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**A Study of Versification.* By Brander Matthews. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

Historical Manual of English Prosody. By George Saintsbury. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60 net.

A Short History of English Versification. By Max Kaluza, Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of Königsberg. Translated by A. C. Dunstan, English Lektor in the University of Königsberg. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60 net.

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verse in musical terms and musical notes make mistakes sometimes—like other people; and some try to express in musical notes the subtlest variations of rhythm, confident of their ability to record them with precision, however complicated. That does not win friends for the method. But occasional error, and occasional extravagance of an extremist, cannot change fundamental facts. Let us look at these a moment.

Poetry appeals primarily to the ear. It is rhythmical in so far as the lines, when heard, consist of a definite number of units, commonly little groups of two or three syllables, that appear to occupy substantially equal intervals of time, each unit being marked by an audible prominence of one syllable over others. That unit-group, so marked, is called a foot. Thus far our three authors, and most recent metrists, are agreed—which is a great advance over Guest, for example. When, now, we would analyze the rhythm of a line, how shall we mark off these feet? The prominent syllable is unmistakable, but does it come at the beginning or at the end of its group, or within it? If all the feet of a poem were of the same pattern, it would make no difference where we assumed the beginning and end of the foot, provided all feet were treated alike. But the charm of English verse is largely in the fact that it exhibits an extraordinary variety of movement within each rhythmical type. Greek recitative verse had nothing like it, nor did Sappho or Anacreon; the choral lyric, as of Pindar and the drama, was alone richer in this regard. Our heavy stress-accent and the phonetic structure of English syllables, with the temporal elasticity of a large part of them, make possible in our spoken verse what in Greek was impossible, except in song. Not only that, but those same qualities of our speech make it natural for us, without losing for an instant the sense of a fixed pattern underneath, to depart pretty freely from that pattern in the rendering of some lines. This latter kind of departure from the definite pattern is so largely a matter of individual taste that practical schemes and formal scanning cannot record or regard it; they need note only the mathematical pattern beneath. Mr. Lewis puts this well in his first chapter. But the variations that can be readily noted, and should be, are such as to make trouble under any method of division between feet, save one. Take, for example, the lines cited by Mr. Saintsbury (p 67) from "Romeo and Juliet":

For fear of that I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again.

Is it not evident that the second line differs in rhythm somehow from the most regular form of the line, as illustrated in the first? The variation is common, beautiful, in a sense regular; but no one can dispute the variation. It is part of the fixed pattern, too, not of the individual reader's free expression. What is it? The foot-division and description on the system of Mr. Matthews or Mr. Saintsbury, quite correct as far as they go, give no answer. Accents—or at least the verse-beats—are as regular in one as in the other. The clearest difference is in the words "never" and "palace"; that in "of dim" is nearly the same, but is not so obvious, and we will leave that. There is a large class of words, of which *never*, *palace*, *sorrow*, *borrow*, *sunny*, *little*, *middle*, *folly*, *spirit*, are examples, in which the accented syllable is short Tennyson remarked on the inability of Englishmen to see this. To lengthen those accented short syllables in scanning the line in question would be—to use a favorite word of Mr. Saintsbury—hideous. But rhythm depends wholly on time-intervals; the feet of a given line occupy substantially equal time-intervals. What becomes, then, of the equality of the feet, if we divide

And nev | er from | this pal | ace of | dim night?

Yet no one feels that the line is essentially irregular. The rhythm is varied; it is not destroyed. What the ear reports is that the time *from one beat to the next* is equal throughout. And that equality is what constitutes the feet. If we divide

And | never | from this | palace | of dim | night,

the audible equality, the real nature of the foot, is brought out; we have simply been led, as musicians were finally led somewhere in the later Middle Ages, to adopt a principle of division more convenient than that of the ancients, who were as hard put to it in describing their lyric rhythms on that basis as the moderns are. But Mr. Saintsbury, speaking (p. 99) of a line from "Christabel," declares that this method of marking the scansion "would exceedingly spoil its beauty." He means that it would change an iambic line to a trochaic; and on page 80 a mark of exclamation points his scorn of those who can scan as identical in rhythm the two couplets,

King Pandion he is dead,
All thy friends are lapped in lead,

and

Let the bird of loudest lay
On the sole Arabian tree.

Mr. Matthews also is strenuous on the same subject. Just here lurks the fallacy that is so hard to reach. How can a method of notation, on paper only, alter a rhythm of speech? Does any one *hear* that vertical mark, or the corresponding division in music? Must we scorn the musician, too, as dull on the subject of rhythm? The distinction between rising and falling rhythms is as real in music as in verse; no one fancies that the universal method of marking the bars obscures the distinction. The same considerations that drove musicians to adopt the simpler method make for the like method in metric; why adhere longer to the clumsier procedure, when that is also misleading? No vagaries of elaborate musical notation of verse are involved here, and no difference of theory; only convenience, and accuracy in some not unimportant details. One other illustration. Mr. Saintsbury cites (p. 179) and marks:

The ani | mal spirits | that from | pure blood | arise.

This is correctly marked; in this case the "resolution" of the unaccented part of the foot permits his method to preserve the equality of feet, and his ear was true. But the same method would in the other line,

And ne | ver from | this pa | ace of | dim night,

require the division between feet to fall in the middle of the syllables "-ver" and "-ace," which are unaccented and long—a frequent case.

Take again the variation in the opening line of "Enoch Arden,"

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm.

To Mr. Saintsbury we have here simply a trochee, "breaking," substituted for the third iamb. That is really nothing more than the explanation of the "accentualists," whose inadequacy he mocks. Does Mr. Saintsbury think the rhythm is sufficiently indicated by the scheme,

Long lines | of cliff | breaking | have left | a chasm,

which conforms to his method? To the ear, surely, the prolongation of "cliff," with a minute pause which the ear does not measure precisely, makes up the full time between this beat and the next; if "of cliff" is the foot, it is longer than any other in the line. But the time between the beginning of the beat on "breaking" and the adjacent beats is neither longer nor shorter than usual. The true division, rhythmically, leaving the minute pause unmeasured (*pace* Mr. Matthews), is

⏑ | – ⏑ | ⌊ | ⏑ ⏑ | – ⏑ | –

where ⌊ is the ancient sign for one syllable equal to three shorts, and – ⏑ ⏑ is a modern sign for what seems like a dactyl, but has no more time than a trochee. This again is no question of theory, but of fact, to be determined by the ear. The notation is nothing but a device for representing on paper the facts, so determined. Several systems of notation may serve, but we must have one that doesn't tell falsehoods. Let whoever is interested try over this

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line, and others like it (there are plenty of them), and settle in his own mind what the fact is. "Regularity of time-intervals is a *sine qua non* of rhythm"; the instinct for rhythmizing our free muscular activities leads us to put the beats in verse of a given type at as nearly equal intervals of time as the circumstances, sometimes including several considerations, allow.

III.

The treatment of rests in rhythm by Mr. Matthews calls for a word. In Browning's lines,

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his king,
. . . . . .
And pressing a troop unable to stoop,

he assumes a rest of two syllables' length in the first line after "Byng," and another of one syllable after "troop." That is his method of noting the variation in rhythm, in that "Byng" and "stood," each receiving full stress, have no light syllables between, as the general swing may lead one to expect, and "troop" is followed by one light syllable instead of two. But do our ears really report any period of silence in these lines? To adopt another phrase of Mr. Lewis's, when one says, "You are a bad man," does one make a pause after bad? Surely not. The syllable is prolonged, in obedience to our innate rhythmizing instinct, until it is time for the next beat. So in Browning's lines, "Byng" receives three rhythmic units of time and "troop" two. In Mr. Matthews's notation the macron (—) means only that the rhythmic ictus is there, the breve (⏑) means the absence of the ictus; he treats the prominence given by accent or ictus as equivalent in effect to a long, and always marks it long. This is legitimate, of course, after he has told us what he is doing; but it leaves him no means of indicating a real long or a real short, as Mr. Saintsbury occasionally does, still less a means of indicating a three-timed long, such as we often have.

Even more conspicuous is the defect of notation and the error of reading—rather the error in reporting his reading; for no doubt we should read in exactly the same way—in the nursery jingles (p. 21f),

Pease porridge hot, etc.,

and

Down came a blackbird and snipt off her nose.

His method requires him to note a pause after "pease" (and in the corresponding place in the other lines) and between the syllables of the compound "blackbird." Clearly there is nothing of the kind; the words and syllables are as closely joined as they ever are. But there is another error in his report. We have here two clear cases of another type of rhythm that the non-musical metrists refuse to admit. It is not common in English, but there is quite enough to throw much light on the whole subject. The familiar hand-play that accompanies the first jingle is unmistakably in even time, speaking musically. In the other case, no one who hears children reciting the line with childish gusto can doubt that it, too, is in the same time. The second line quoted is a dactylic tetrameter catalectic, in the precise Greek sense. There is no rest in it.

And this brings us, finally, to the dactylic hexameter. If Mr. Matthews and Mr. Saintsbury had learned as schoolboys to read Homer or Virgil in true dactylic time, arsis and thesis equal, the difference between that rhythm and the rhythm of Longfellow's hexameter could be perfectly clear to them. Musically speaking—because the musical terms are exact and not ambiguous—true dactyls are in 2-4 time and the verse of "Evangeline" is in 3-8 time. Whatever theory Longfellow had in mind, a poet in composing pays no attention to theory when it conflicts with his ear. Considering the small number, even of professional scholars, who even now read Homer or Virgil in 2-4 time, one may safely wager that Longfellow never did. But he wrote verses that seemed to him good. The popularity of the poem is evidence that they are good. They haven't the swing of Homer's, but they have a swing of their own that is perfectly legitimate. It is quite true that imitations of classical metres are generally poor stuff, and the true dactylic hexameter is not possible in English for many lines together. Dactylic is a complete misnomer for the English hexameter; but a classical scholar ought to be able to share the popular liking for "Evangeline" notwithstanding. If we omit the adjective and call the verse simply hexameter, he will have no cause for offence.

THOMAS D. GOODELL.

Correspondence

PEDAGOGY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of September 7, Mr. Warner Fite gives voluble expression to his feelings about pedagogy. Certainly he has been unfortunate in the experiences which have come to him, and one ought to allow him to record his emotions and views without restraint of any kind. I should not venture to do more than listen if it were not the end of a long vacation when one wishes to warm up for the task of teaching these very subjects to freshmen and other new students in the department.

First, Mr. Fite is right, departments of education are as numerous as universities, and almost as numerous as colleges. These departments are recognized in State laws, and by faculties which are made up of well-trained people like Mr. Fite himself. The reason is that superintendents of schools and others who employ teachers have found by long and bitter experience that graduates of colleges and others are better teachers after they have thought about teaching. Most students have not thought about teaching and its difficulties. The ordinary college teacher does the work of teaching with such conscious fluency that the student never gets a hint that there is any machinery of teaching. As a result, when he begins work in some remote high school, where the college teacher's illuminating example is lost in the distance, he finds out several things that he never thought of before. A great many members of university faculties have pointed out for a number of years the uselessness of supplementing their examples by thoughts on how they do it, and yet the market for pedagogical thoughts goes on improving. Indeed, it is rumored that even the more progressive illuminating examples are devoting thought to the problem how to do it. At all events, departments of education multiply at such a rate that, as Mr. Fite has pointed out, untrained men have to be drafted to fill the demands.

Is there any such thing as intelligent, scientific school management? Mr. Fite pays somewhere, let us hope, a school tax. He wants this money well spent, of course. The probabilities are that his money, until recent years, has been badly spent because no one of the natural administrators whom Mr. Fite praises had taken the pains to tabulate the relations between such matters as attendance and the need of various types of support, such, for example, as State and local support of schools. In New York city to-day there is a special committee of the city's financial board at work inquiring by scientific methods into the efficiency of New York's school system. In Baltimore they employed some of the best students of school management to look over their system. Of course, Mr. Fite may tell these municipalities that it is all nonsense, that they had better send young men to take courses in political economy or ethics, or what not, but the fact is that there are special problems of school organization which never appear in the general treatises on political economy or even ethics. Whether Mr. Fite likes it or not, the principles of school taxation are fairly clear, and he can find them in an excellent book by Professor Cubberley.

Educational psychology is a topic which one approaches with modest hesitation, in view of Mr. Fite's authoritative dicta concerning it. Yet, one might venture the assertion that an encouraging part of current psychology is devoted to the scientific study of educational problems. Why quarrel about where educational psychology ends and general psychology begins? The fact is that every one who is intelligently interested in psychology is interested in educational science. But general psychology cannot, and does not, enter in detail into school problems. Take, for example, the psychology of reading. Of course, the student of general psychology is interested in the process of reading, but it was not until recent interest in education became intense that the psychology of reading became a special topic of investigation. There is to-day a respectable body of fact on the psychology of reading. There are, as a re-

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sult, new and more economical methods of teaching reading in the schools. If this is news to Mr. Fite, he should look up Huey's book and Dearborn's monograph and Meumann's lectures on the subject. If he knew about all these and wrote what he did for the *Nation* of September 7, he ought, for the sake of his own conscience, to show a single text in general psychology that contains this material. Or, to plunge further into detail, the mere difference between reading aloud and silent reading is a scientific topic on which we have some knowledge that has large educational significance. Does Mr. Fite know of a course in general psychology which acquaints students with this distinction and its psychological nature and consequences? Mr. Fite is a little behind the times in ordering teachers back to the general psychologies. They have read these books and they are stimulated by their readings to ask questions which are not answered there. May they and their friends not push the frontier of psychology out into the school processes, and yet be included under the broad mantle of Mr. Fite's charity?

When it comes to educational philosophy, the present writer will have to plead ignorance. Mr. Fite is a specialist in philosophy, and he has spoken. His speech in this matter does not seem to agree with the views of such eminent philosophers as John Dewey. Perhaps some philosopher will feel moved to discuss philosophy with Mr. Fite. When the present writer opens his class in experimental education next week, he will confine his attention to the scientific aspects of education, for his training does not qualify him to deal with other phases of the subject. CHARLES H. JUDD.

Director of the School of Education of the University of Chicago.

Chicago, September 27.

THE SIMPLICITY OF THE TARIFF.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following incidents throw a bright light upon the principles and methods of the officials charged with the administration of our tariff and may be of some interest to your readers.

I arrived in New York not long ago and duly declared all things purchased abroad, among which were certain works of art, made about 300 B. C. and therefore free of duty. I learned:

(1.) Since I had failed to provide myself with a consular invoice issued by that eminent expert, our consul in London, and certifying to their antiquity, they must be regarded as modern imitations and therefore dutiable.

As such, observe, they were worth less than a tenth of the price I had paid and declared.

(2.) Nevertheless, I must pay duty upon the price paid and declared.

It is surely of interest to know that the government officially denies the validity of the law of contradiction.

(3.) If I refused to pay, the articles in question would be sent by a common drayman to the General Stores. Since they were very fragile and had been packed to carry in the hand, they would probably be destroyed, in which case I could recover nothing. Moreover, I should have to appear in person to reclaim them, and the consequent expense would be much greater than the duty.

(4.) If I paid under protest and removed the articles from the government's custody, I could recover nothing.

I was therefore urgently advised to pay and make no more fuss about it.

I did, however, make more fuss, and learned:

(5.) In default of a consular invoice the opinion of the government's expert might be accepted, but he was not on duty and could not be reached.

(6.) The collector on the pier might dispense with the consular invoice, but the cases in which he was willing to do so were rare indeed, and it was hardly worth while to appeal to him. Why not pay and say no more about it?

I did appeal and he passed the articles in question.

In other words, the Administration, having resolved to convert the $100 exemption clause, originally adopted as a means of "protection," into an instrument for the collection of revenue, and having, with that end in view, made it still more burdensome by certain arbitrary definitions which exclude from its operation many articles formerly included, now enforces the above administrative rules in order to force the passenger to accept as final the decision of the customs officials on the pier.

Now these officials are as capable and well-meaning men as the government pay and the conditions of service can attract, but they are not omniscient; they are forced to decide a vast number of diverse questions in the briefest possible time; they are deeply imbued with the well-founded belief that virtually every passenger will smuggle if he can, and, last but not least, they know that their efficiency as officials will be measured by the amount of revenue they can turn in.

How much downright robbery is perpetrated under this precious system nobody will ever know. And the responsibility for it rests upon the shoulders of two or three men, whose names I need not mention.

MNO.

Philadelphia, September 28.

"CURIOUS TO KNOW."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since writing to the *Nation* last August about Boswell's use of the expression, "Curious to know," my attention has been called by anonymous correspondents to two earlier examples of its employment. The first is found in Evelyn's "Diary," near the middle of the long entry under date of August 19, 1641, as follows:

> The Chimes of Bells are so rarely manag'd that, being curious to know whether the motion were from any engine, I went up to that of St. Nicholas, etc.

Dr. Thomas Wilson was bishop of Sodor and Man for more than fifty years following 1698, and was the author of a little work, "Sacra Privata," which still holds a respectable place in Anglican church literature. In its introductory chapter the reader is exhorted thus:

> Never be curious to know what passes in the world any further than duty obliges you; it will only distract the mind when it should be better employed.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* notes that Dickens caused Mr. Pickwick to indulge himself in the use of the locution, and also one of the characters in "Barnaby Rudge." But that was subsequent to Miss Martineau's example cited in the Oxford dictionary, and mentioned by me with too little attention to the punctuation. I wish to thank Professor Hart for his correction of my mistake in quoting the same. THERON WILBER HAIGHT.

Waukesha, Wis., October 2.

INQUIRIES INTO THE EFFECTS OF ARDENT SPIRITS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my possession is a book, published sixty years earlier than Dr. Benjamin Rush's tract, "Inquiries into the Effects of Ardent Spirits," referred to on page 118 of your issue of August 10. Its title-page reads:

> An ESSAY of HEALTH and LONG LIFE. By George Cheyne, M.D.F.R.S. The Fourth Edition. . . . London. Printed for George Strahan, at the Golden Ball over-against the Royal Exchange in Cornhill; and J. Leake, Bookseller at Bath. 1725.

This treatise covers 232 pages, and is inscribed:

> To the Right Honourable SIR JOSEPH JEKYLL, Master of the ROLLS. . . . As a Testimony of Respect, and Gratitude, By His most obliged faithful humble Servant, GEORGE CHEYNE.

Below are a few extracts from Chapter II, which is headed:

> OF MEAT and DRINK.

> 12. . . . Two Ounces of *Flesh Meat*, well digested, beget a greater Stock of more durable and useful *Spirits*, than ten Times as much *strong Liquors*, which nothing but *Luxury* and *Concupiscence* makes necessary. Happy those, whom their *Parents*, their natural Aversion to Strong Liquors, or whom kind *Providence* among the *better Sort*, has brought to the Age of *Maturity* and *Discretion*, without dealing in or desiring any great *Quantity* of *strong Liquors:* Their *Passions* have been *calmer*, their *Sensations* more *exquisite*, their *Appetites* less *unruly*, and their *Health* more uninterrupted, than any other *natural Cause* could have produced. And thrice happy they, who continue this Course to their last Minutes. Nothing is more ridiculous than the common *Plea* for continueing in drinking on, large *Quantities of spirituous Liquors; viz.* Because they have been accustomed so to do, and they think it *dangerous* to leave it off, all of a sudden. It were as reasonable for him that is fallen into the *Fire* and *Water* to lie there, because of the Danger of removing him suddenly. For neither *Element* will destroy him more certainly, before his Time, than wallowing in *strong Liquors*. . . .

> 15. I have no Intention here to discourage the innocent Means of *enlivening* Conversation, promoting *Friendship*, comforting the *sorrowful* Heart, and raising the *drooping* Spirits, by the *cheerful Cup* and the *social Repast*. Perhaps I may like the harmless *Frolick*, the *warm Reception* of a Friend, and even the *Dulce Furere* (*Horat. i. e., An agreeable Frolick or Extravagance*) itself, more than I ought: Persons sober in the main, will receive little Prejudice from such a *Fillip*, when the Occasions happen but seldom, and especially when they make it up, by a great Degree of *Abstinence* afterwards. But a *Sot* is the lowest Character in Life. . . . A little *Lowness* requires *Drops*, which pass readily down under the Notion of *Physick;* Drops beget *Drams*, and *Drams* beget more *Drams*, 'till they come to be without Weight and without Measure; so that at last the miserable Creature suffers a true *Martyrdom*, between its natural *Modesty*, the great Necessity of concealing its

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Cravings, and the still greater one of getting them satisfied *some how*.

18. Since the Time *foreign Luxury* has been brought to its Perfection here, there are a kind of Liquors in Use among the better Sort, which some great *Doctors* have condemn'd, by *Bell, Book*, and *Candle*, and others have as extravagantly commended: I mean, *Coffee, Tea*, and *Chocolate*. . . .

Of his "General Rules for Health and Long Life," drawn from the Head of "MEAT and DRINK," at the close of Chapter II, note the following:

8. Nothing conduces more to *Health* and *Long Life*, than *Abstinence* and *plain Food*, with due *Labour*.

15. *Water* is the most natural and wholesome of all *Drinks*, quickens the Appetite, and strengthens the *Digestion* most.

16. *Strong* and *spirituous* Liquors freely indulged, become a certain tho' a slow *Poison*.

17. There is no Danger in leaving them off all at *once;* the *Plea* for continuing them being false and groundless.

20. Strong Liquors do not prevent the Mischiefs of a *Surfeit*, nor carry it off, so safely as *Water*, tho' they seem to give present *Relief*.

21. The frequent *Use* of *Spirits* in *Drams* and *Cordials*, is so far from curing *Low-spiritedness*, that it increases it, and brings on more *fatal* Disorders.

23. *Malt Liquors* (excepting clear small Beer, of a due Age) are extremely hurtful to *tender* and *studious* Persons.

CHARLES MEIGS SCHENCK.

Denver, Col., October 2.

COUNT THORANE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your review of "The Mother of Goethe" (*Nation*, September 14), you say:

It is curious that the name of the distinguished French guest of the Goethehaus should be spelled in this book with a final *c*, although both Goethe in his autobiography and Gutzkow in his "Königslieutenant" have a final *e*.

The question of the spelling of the family name of François de Théas, Comte de Thorane of Grasse in Provence, is discussed at considerable length by the late Professor Schubart of Munich (whose widow presented to the Goethehaus in Frankfort many of the pictures originally painted for Thorane in Frankfort and purchased by her husband in France from his heirs), in his interesting book, "François de Théas, Comte de Thorane; Goethe's Königslieutenant." It appears from this book (chapter iv) that "Thorane" is a German corruption of "Thorane." There seems to be at least this authority, for what it is worth, for Miss Reeks's spelling of the name.

W. P. B.

New York, October 2.

A QUERY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an old examination paper in English literature, set to candidates competing for the English Civil Service, I came upon the following question: "'When Milton lost his eyes, poetry lost hers.' Discuss this aphorism."

Perhaps one of your readers can tell me whence the quotation is taken.

COMUS.

New York, October 1.

Literature

TALLEYRAND.

Talleyrand the Man. Translated from the French of Bernard de Lacombe by A. d'Alberti. With two portraits in collotype. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. $3.50 net.

This volume is in no sense a biography of Talleyrand. It is a series of extended essays which have appeared from time to time and which deal with certain episodes in the life, not so much of the great figure in the affairs of Europe as of the individual. "We know," says the author in his preface, "Talleyrand the Bishop, Talleyrand the deputy of the Constituent Assembly, Talleyrand the diplomatist, the Grand-Chamberlain, the Minister, and head of the provisional government, Talleyrand the courtier and statesman, but Talleyrand the private man is comparatively unknown. Yet it would be interesting, if only for the sake of the conflicting sentiments which he inspired, to be admitted to intimacy with a man the faithful affection of whose friends, kindred, and servants equalled the bitter hatred with which some of his political partners have pursued him even beyond the grave."

Hence the first glimpse which M. de Lacombe gives us of his hero is after his initial fall from power, in 1792, when, armed with a passport, he fled from Paris to London, and became an *émigré*. The question here at issue is whether Talleyrand at this time was entrusted with a mission by the provisional executive council for which he had acted as counsellor, for a few months, in the conduct of foreign affairs. Later, in 1795, when he wished to clear himself of the stigma of emigration, he boasted that he had had such a mission, but in 1792 all his complaints are that he is left without employment. Which are we to believe? asks M. de Lacombe, and answers, the latter, without hesitation:

In the autumn of 1792 neither Danton nor Lebrun had made Talleyrand his agent in England. They would both have been too much afraid of compromising themselves. Besides, though many contemporary documents may be found in which Talleyrand offers his services . . . there is not one which shows him at work, unless we believe in his famous correspondence with Mme. de Flahaut and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, published in 1793, but who would venture to do so?

His proscription early in 1793 put an end to his hopes, and he was content to live quietly among such friends as he had in England, until, one year later, charged with projects of Republican propaganda, he was ordered to leave that country. He set sail in January for Philadelphia, and entered upon that two years' sojourn in America of which M. de Lacombe gives a detailed and interesting account. He was well received on his landing, and although, for reasons of state, Washington would not grant him an audience, he had no lack of high political society among the Federalists, Hamilton himself standing sponsor for him.

For a time Talleyrand was dazzled by the prospects of making a fortune in land speculation:

My reason tells me [he wrote to Mme. de Staël] that it is necessary to acquire a small competence so as not to be in constant poverty and dependence when one grows old. . . . There is plenty of money to be gained here, but only for those who have it already. If you know any who would like to speculate in land here I would willingly undertake their business. If I had a sufficient number of clients who would entrust their business to me and allow me an interest in it, both parties would profit largely; the clients, because American merchants are not very trustworthy in business, and myself, because I could thus earn some money without investing capital. See if you can manage this.

Talleyrand did actually embark at one time in an agrarian enterprise. It is asserted that "he bought, jointly with Beaumetz"—his travelling companion—"a settlement in Maine which belonged to Gen. Knox, Secretary of War. He divided it into lots represented by shares, and thought that, like Noailles and de Talon, he would find it easy to place them among the *émigrés*." But how this business turned out M. de Lacombe does not tell us. For Talleyrand himself it naturally lost interest when, in 1795, his name was removed from the list of the *émigrés*, owing to the efforts of Marie-Joseph Chenier, and he was free to return to France. This he did the following year.

Six years have elapsed at the opening of the second section of the volume. Bonaparte is now first consul, and Talleyrand his minister of foreign affairs. There is a rumor that the latter is to be married, and that his wife is to be the "beautiful Indian" who had long presided at the magnificent fêtes at the Hôtel Gallifet. It was Napoleon who had forced the matrimonial issue for his minister. Touched in his pride by the slurs cast upon his court throughout Europe, Napoleon determined to clean house, and began by giving Talleyrand the alternative of separation from his friend, or of giving her his name. The whole incident is a difficult one to explain in the career of the ex-Bishop of Autun, since it is impossible to see what he gained in proportion to what he hazarded, and even lost by the transaction. That he was deeply in love with Mme. Grand is out of the question. M. de Lacombe paints a vivacious portrait of this lady whose origin he establishes beyond a doubt as French, and not Danish or English, as has sometimes been supposed. After her mar-

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riage to a young Englishman, a clerk in the Indian civil service, she left India, where she was born, like so many heroines of Anglo-Indian novels a hundred years later, to escape an unsavory past, and begin life anew.

In Paris, after participating in the emigration, she became one of the great *courtisanes* of the Directory and Consulate. She was very beautiful, but she had little wit, unless it be of that special kind with which women are commonly credited, and it is hard to see how she kept her hold upon her princely lover save on the ground, here hinted at, that she was in possession of compromising information, and was thus in a position to force Talleyrand to marry her. Needless to say, the marriage was not a success. Talleyrand scarcely tolerated her in his salon, where it was his kindly habit to turn her mistakes to ridicule, and finally he effected a complete separation from her. She was one of the serious mistakes of his career, and he had cause to regret his rash step in more ways than one. That which most immediately concerns us is its effect upon his relations with the Church, since these assumed supreme importance toward the end of his life. When, in 1802, Talleyrand, aided and abetted by Napoleon, deliberately violated the conventions of a papal act of secularization which permitted him to leave the priesthood, but expressly forbade him to marry, he doubtless scarcely foresaw the time when he should wish to return into the fold of the Church. This time did actually come, however, and Talleyrand was forced to make humble confession and abnegation of sin and error, almost amounting to a repudiation of his whole past life.

Whether this reconciliation, so famous in history, was really sincere, has been more widely discussed than any question of its kind in modern times. All those who have read Renan's "Souvenirs d'enfance et de jeunesse" will recall that writer's sneer at the transaction. "Toward the month of April, 1838," writes Renan, "M. de Talleyrand, in his hôtel in the rue Saint-Florentin, feeling his end approaching, believed that he owed to the human conventions a last lie, and resolved to become reconciled, for the sake of appearances, with a Church whose truth, once recognized by him, convicted him of sacrilege and opprobrium." It has, of course, always been the effort of those directly interested in the case to prove that Talleyrand's reconciliation was no lie and that, above all, it was the result of no sudden resolution. M. de Lacombe is one of this number. In a long series of chapters at the close of his book he gives a detailed account of the successive steps of the "conversion," as it has been called. To aid him in this work he has had unusual advantages. His father was the friend of the Abbé Dupanloup—Renan's Abbé Dupanloup of the "Petit Séminaire"—to whom the work of redeeming the distinguished soul was entrusted, and who bequeathed to the elder Lacombe fourteen volumes of documents. But such an advantage is, one feels, somewhat offset by the sort of prestige always possessed by family papers for those who have grown up in their shadow. Piety predisposes to their acceptance in an almost Biblical sense, and distorts the critical faculty in an estimate of their documentary value. The most conspicuous item in the present instance is from the hand of the abbé himself. But this account of his relations with Talleyrand, here printed for the first time in full, as an appendix, seems to us, in spite of the importance attached to it by M. de Lacombe, to have psychological rather than historical significance. It is a remarkable piece of self-portraiture, and confirms in every way Renan's deliciously ironical sketch of the elegant young cleric who was chosen by the Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Quélen, because what was wanted was "a worldly priest, of literary tastes, as little of a philosopher as possible, in no wise a theologian, having, with the old classes, those relations of birth and social standing without which the Gospel has little access in those circles for which it was not fashioned. The Abbé Dupanloup . . . was just the man needed to participate innocently in a collusion that susceptible souls could regard as an edifying *coup de la grâce*."

And this is precisely the impression one derives from his narration of all the little manœuvres on both sides, in which the *bon ton* of the polite world was invariably preserved. First, Talleyrand invites the abbé to dinner, and is annoyed because the invitation is refused. Then M. Dupanloup yields to a more urgent command, and is duly edified by the great man's saintly conversation at table. Talleyrand delivers an address at the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences upon the death of his friend and colleague, M. Reinhard, and sends a printed copy to the abbé, who returns the compliment with his own book, "Christianisme presenté aux hommes du monde par Fénelon," together with a very graceful and tactful letter. Throughout this whole intercourse, it is impossible to escape the impression that Talleyrand is playing a game with his young friend, and seeking very deliberately to produce a definite impression upon him. Especially toward the end, when Talleyrand fell sick and felt his strength failing, does this sinister note of calculation and of play-acting grow pronounced and unmistakable. Talleyrand clearly is trying, with great craft, to drive his last *rusé* bargain, to gain the maximum of advantage for himself with the minimum of concession to his opponents. How else can one explain the grim comedy of that death-bed scene, the procrastination in the signing of the paper of recantation from which he withheld his signature almost to the last gasp? In the final analysis, and with all the evidence in, one is forced to accept the conclusion of Renan that this boasted reconciliation was but a final effect arranged with great care by the man of many wiles to disconcert friend and foe alike, and to purchase the pardon of the Church when it had become too cheap to cost him anything.

If it was the intention of M. de Lacombe to rehabilitate the memory of Talleyrand, he has scarcely been successful in the undertaking. He has shown, what could equally be shown of the most abandoned of wretches, that he had those who were attached to him, and that he possessed traits of kindly interest and consideration which came out in the intimate intercourse of his family life. But these scarcely suffice to offset what is shallow, shabby, and even sordid in the character of the man. In seeking to soften and refine the features of this cynical master of duplicity and chicane, M. de Lacombe, one feels, serves the ends neither of truth nor of art. On the whole, as often happens in works controlled by similar motives, the sole result is to make a singularly distinct and dominant personality seem rather pettier than in real life. Certainly, the author has failed utterly to let the reader catch even a glimpse of the secret of Talleyrand's unquestioned power. He has shown us a clever rascal, but not a great rascal, and in this he has, many will think, done a greater injustice to the memory of his subject than if he had allowed it to rest under the worst imputations of impiety and impenitence.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Portentous History. By Alfred Tennyson. New York: Duffield & Co.

This Alfred Tennyson is the poet's grandson. For some time he has been serving a literary apprenticeship, and this is his most pretentious effort so far. It bears the mark of effort a little too plainly, and in nothing more than in its attempts at the good-humored ease and colloquial freedom of the Fielding-Thackeray-De Morgan school—or line. No youngster need try for that jovial manner: it is alien to the storm and stress phase, native to maturity and temperamental well-being. So the reader rather resents Mr. Tennyson's effort to babble like the masters about his scenes and persons. He has a machinery of the intimate style; he himself is "the philosopher," "the biographer"—a functionary to be elaborately sniffed at, but by no means ignored. "The philosopher turns up his cuffs," "the philosopher dips his pen," and so on: unluckily the philosopher hasn't the knack of getting us interested in him: we wish

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he would let himself be a plain story-teller and get on with his story.

It is a good story—remarkably good if we are to believe the author's account of its origin, which is simply that the chance seeing of a famous Scotch giant inspired him to look into the facts of the monster's life. He visited the giant's birthplace, and got up his subject methodically. Whether this is literally true or not, the result is not a mere piece of "copy." Jim Macdonald is taken as a type of all "freaks." His physical peculiarity is looked upon as a deformity by his fellow-villagers, from his early childhood. Being extremely sensitive of nature as well as slow of wit, he is thrown back upon himself. Nobody understands him, and though there is nothing vicious in him, he is steadily forced by chance and prejudice into the position of village ne'er-do-weel. His family relation becomes a mockery, and his love a curse. The story of his steady driving to the wall is told with a feeling above mere pathos. In the end, at the moment when, now fairly desperate, he promises to become a dangerous animal, an odd rescue comes. He is discovered by a great collector of freaks, and removed to the safer isolation of the "curio hall," where he is not unhappy. Oddly enough, the showman is represented as a Jew and not an American, but we may comfort ourselves with the reflection that he has all the hustling traits of his cis-Atlantic kind. He has his own theory of benevolence allied with business. When big Jim balks at the prospect of exhibiting his huge frame, of which he is ashamed, the "Tickler" is prompt with his argument. His freaks, he says, are better off with him than they can be elsewhere: "They were not born like ordinary human beings, and in so far as they were in touch with ordinary humanity they were miserable. The unnatural could not mix with the natural. The natural were too many, too hard, too strong. Now they have withdrawn to a place of refuge." The "Tickler" is a well-drawn if not novel type; and so is Dr. Spens; but Jim Macdonald is the figure which gives the book its power. If the writer could have been persuaded to leave out his bogus confidences, and to boil down his material here and there, he would have done a big thing for himself and for his readers.

The Common Law. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

If it were only for Mr. Gibson's drawings, of which there are sixty and more, this volume would stand out from the mass of current novels. That master of black and white has grown out of his second and rather splashy manner into a refined and even finicking style—delicate outlines against elaborate cross-hatching. The effect is distinctly English—very unlike the Mr. Pipp sort of thing; and yet unmistakably Mr. Gibson's. Whether the present game is worth the candle depends on one's view of the game. In this story Mr. Chambers has at least abandoned his scenes of luxury and high society. The hero is a scion of the elect, but a professed renegade. His fancy does not ride in gold-fitted motor-cars, or swim in seas of Pommery. He is, in fact, a painter, a Bohemian. Mr. Chambers, to tell the truth, has merely shifted his action to a realm as popular, even, as that of high life; and in his opening scene he flings the gauntlet to every adventurous reader. The qualms and distresses of a young girl who has offered herself as model to a strange young painter are not here interpreted for the first time. But the young girl is commonly driven to her desperate act as a last resort against starvation. Valerie West has no such goad. Though she is perfectly beautiful and full of mental charm, she has grown up in seclusion, making no friends, and enjoying no youth. Hence her determination to enter the life of the world of artists, because she hopes to find there her belated share of youthful joy. She admires the work of Louis Neville, a brilliant decorative painter, and presents herself to him without warning as a model. He takes her to be a professional (without inquiry), and gives orders accordingly. Hence a scene which, however trumped up, may be allowed to be sufficiently "piquant" to whet the appetite of the most jaded story-devourer.

From this point of vantage, the tale works on to a larger situation of equal piquancy. Valerie becomes a professional model, in much demand among the more distinguished New York painters. She leads an unconventional but blameless life, not without its amatory episodes. But Louis Neville and she have unwittingly made exchange of hearts and in due season they discover the bond. Neville wishes to marry Valerie, but she will not because she knows his social and family circles would not accept the marriage as desirable. This is perfectly according to the fashion—in England. But instead of saying "we must part," she offers herself as his mistress, the relation to begin on a specified date, and to be officially known as "the Great Change." In the end, after some hundreds of pages, "the common law" enforces itself—that is, the pair at last discover that their only path to happiness lies through the old form of wedlock. This is tame enough; but the piquancy of the intermediate situation is drawn out to its utmost. Whether such a story should have gone through publication in one of the greater magazines is a question of taste rather than of morals. The whole affair, like all of Mr. Chambers's affairs, is insincere and vulgar. With much pretention of mental and moral subtlety, Valerie and her young man remain obvious and insignificant persons. The intent and effect of the story are mildly sensational.

Perpetua, or the Way to Treat a Woman. By Dion Clayton Calthrop. New York: John Lane Co.

This might well be a story of Alice and Lewis Carroll. The characters are not so named, and the author never lays himself open to the charge of imitation. But we recall no other recent book that so surely sets forth the mysteries of Wonderland or so nicely adjusts the lives of a little girl and a bachelor. Perpetua Mary—no other name can she remember—has been left in her eighth year by the death of her mother to shift for herself, the father having ridden away shortly after the marriage. But she had posed before for Brian O'Cree and now confidently comes to his studio in Kensington with her small bundle, a stuffed elephant ("Shadrach by name, since it had been rescued whole—miraculous moment—from the fire"), and with a strange message:

> "Do I understand," he asked quite seriously, "that you have adopted me for a father?"
>
> "I wondered——" she began, perilously near tears.
>
> In the firelight they made a curious picture: Brian standing there, big and bushy, in a gray flannel suit, and the long slip of yellow body, Perpetua—a kind of human fairy, trying to explain to a giant that the dreams of fairyland were more real than life. . . .
>
> "Perpetua," he said, and his voice had the coax of an Irish accent, "tell me just what has happened." "I knew people adopted people," she answered, "and I wanted a father, and I like you better than anybody, so I did it."

Even though time flies, child dreams continue with these two. Because Perpetua loves elephants and because Maria Theresa is "l'éléphant le plus extraordinaire du monde" in a French circus, they join the caravan, Brian ostensibly to procure an opportunity to paint rare scenes. Many things indicate that the author himself is at home in this strange company. Perpetua is at length placed in a convent to be educated, and the plot is left to develop—would that this were not necessary! The real father turns up, a swindler sucking the wealth of a young profligate. The resulting melodrama is regrettable save for one powerful scene which it precipitates. Brian, confronted by the father, feels his position of adopted father transformed into that of lover; whereas Perpetua, cherishing a missionary love for the profligate, still looks to Brian as her "daddy" and is conscious of the other sort of love for him when honor tells her that it is too late. Minor characters in the story are usually clearly drawn. We may mention as typical Brian's mother, with her delightful understate-

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ments. To Perpetua concerning Charles I: "A most unfortunate man, my dear—most unfortunate, losing his head in that way."

The House on the Mall. By Edgar Jepson. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company.

There is a fairyland of crime as well as of fancy, and this house of many inventions is there situated, though it is said to be in London. A supposed suicide comes to life as a criminal with the combined resources of a Monte Cristo, an Edison, and a Vautrin. The detective in the book is a poor creature, of whom little is seen except as a victim locked up in the dungeons of the hero. In fact the book is scarcely to be classed as a detective story at all, but owes its interest to the pleasant way the hero has of getting rid of his tools and confederates. The way involves a good deal of bleeding and fantastic torturing, but the blood and the pains belong to the fairyland of crime and awaken no disgust in the reader. There is a love story running through the horrors that is really clever and pretty. The book, as a whole, is ingenious, and, to those at home in its geography, entertaining.

PRACTICAL REASONING.

The Application of Logic. By Alfred Sidgwick. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60 net.

Mr. Sidgwick has performed the really remarkable task of making logic entertaining. Moreover, he has done this without at all sacrificing exactness of thought or precision of expression—"logic is logic"' still. Yet so surprising and delightful is it, in a treatise on this subject, to read page after page without a single technical term, without a rule or reference to Barbara or the Four Figures, that one has to rub one's eyes and reread the title to make sure that it is logic after all. Mr. Sidgwick has gained this surprising result by leaving the abstract altogether, by following out the course of real disputes as they actually occur, by avoiding all technical language (it is so unnecessary!), and by dealing always with meanings rather than with words. The neglect of this latter precaution, in fact, seems to be the chief cause of the misapplication of the old logic. Purely formal logic plays with words and propositions as if they were counters in a puzzle and could be treated quite independently of the particular meanings the expression of which alone gives them any value. Consequently logical argumentation, as our author points out, has usually been regarded "as a structure formed by taking isolated terms, putting them together into isolated propositions, and then putting these together into a syllogism. This conception, by its assumption that the logical character of terms is fixed independently of their use in particular assertions, and that the logical character of propositions is fixed independently of their use in particular arguments, does as much as is possible to obscure the fact that the syllogism is essentially the form of argument which consists in *applying general rules to particular cases.*"

These last words give Mr. Sidgwick's definition of the syllogism, and an admirable definition it is. And with this view of its nature, it is plain that the major premise is simply the "general rule," and the minor premise the "particular case." The newer application of logic for which Mr. Sidgwick stands would by no means do away with these useful and venerable terms. The old logic did well in inventing and retaining them. But, as our author shows, in analyzing out the two premises in any particular argument, formal logic has usually made much too easy work of it. In simple arguments like those of Euclid all will agree on the premises, and these may be regarded as themselves perfectly simple. But, as a fact, no real disputes are ever simple, and most disputes begin with a disagreement as to what the major premise, or general rule, really is. Now there is a difference between "general rules"; a few of them are absolutely general, and the great majority of them are nearly general, but not quite so. If the major premise, when found, turns out to be of the former kind, as in mathematics, then, of course, all will agree and the dispute will be settled—in fact, there will hardly be any dispute at all. But just for this reason we are not, as practical logicians, greatly concerned with this type of argument. It is in *real* disputes that we are interested; and in real disputes there is no such unquestionable major premise—no such absolutely general rule.

When once the disputants have analyzed out and agreed upon the general rule on which the conclusion shall be based, the next step is ordinarily to see whether this rule may rightly be applied to the case at issue (the minor premise). And here again we come upon one of the misleading tendencies of formal logic. It is easy to divide your argument into two premises, see whether each is correct, and then draw your conclusion. But the important question is whether the two premises really belong together, *whether the rule applies to the fact;* whether *this* case really comes under the rule or possesses a detail which makes it an exception. This question, as is obvious, usually narrows the discussion down to an investigation of *causes.*

In determining a causal sequence—that is, in answering the question whether a given detail of the case is relevant—we may be aided by experiment and observation and an attempted application of Mill's principle of "Single Difference"; but in inductive no less than in deductive logic we must remember that form alone cannot answer our questions. Every experiment must be interpreted, and the interpretation may again be a subject of disagreement, and if it is so the point at issue will still be, as before, *the simplicity of the fact.* Was it *simply* A that gave rise to B, or was it a particular kind of A? Is A merely A, or has it some additional characteristic which, for our purposes, takes it out of the class of the other A's altogether? It is right here that nearly all real disputes centre. For "a fact may be correctly described as A, and yet A may be the most misleading possible description of it in a given context. Thus a thermos flask strictly *is* a hot-water bottle, and yet a person wanting a foot-warmer would find the description false."

Concrete observation and increasing definiteness of statement may help us here, but the traditional formal logic certainly cannot. This most vital difficulty it scarcely notices, or if it does so at all, it passes by at once with the dignified remark that "A is A." This venerable Principle of Identity, however, does not prove very helpful. "When we already know that a thing is A we do not need to be told that if it is A, it is so. So that either the axiom must be admitted to be superfluous, or it must be so interpreted as to be applicable before the event—that is to say, while there is still some need to be assured that A really is the best description." As a matter of fact, the Principle of Identity can never give us any such assurance, and when it is used with that end in view, it ceases to be superfluous only by becoming deceptive. It could be useful and trustworthy "before the event" only in a world whose facts were absolutely simple. But in this world of ours, no fact is simple or can be. Nothing can be a fact for us "until we recognize it as a particular kind of fact—say A." We must have a way of classing and naming it if it is to be a subject of discussion and not a mere blank *this.* And such a process of naming and classing inevitably results in a description that is incomplete and somewhat vague. "To recognize a fact as A is to view it as *essentially resembling* the other members of the class A, in spite of all the differences between it and them." All naming and classing is therefore ultimately based on *analogy.* This important and simple fact is not commonly understood. "To the unreflective it seems that classes *exist,* and that since they exist they have to be named; that our ancestors kindly named them for us—after the example of Adam in the Garden of Eden. . . . Like the cricketer who was asked why a certain kind of ball

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should be called a 'yorker,' they would answer that they failed to see what else you could call it."

Once it is fully understood that names do not grow on things, but that we have to stick them on, and that, though we must do so, we do it at our peril, it becomes clear that the central question of most disputes is how the fact under discussion should be classed. And it is now evident that this question can never be answered by any abstract Principle of Identity or any linguistic considerations, but only by an appeal to the particular situation and purpose which are relevant to the fact in question. Ultimately every fact is what it is in virtue of the context and the purpose involved, and only so can it be interpreted.

The pragmatic nature of Mr. Sidgwick's logic is now perfectly clear. "Purpose," "context," "consequences," are the things that give meaning to propositions, and without such concrete meaning they could be neither true nor false. "Every statement depends for its meaning on the *use* it is intended to be put to." "The purpose and the purport (or meaning) of a statement are the same thing. To say that truth is not independent of purpose, therefore, is no more than to say that statements without a meaning cannot be recognized as either true or false —that they are mere noises in the air, or marks on paper, till some sort of meaning is apprehended in them." This, of course, is the primary and fundamental doctrine of pragmatism, and Mr. Sidgwick's exposition and demonstration of it would make this book an excellent introduction to pragmatism as well as to logic. The pity is that so sound a doctrine should be carried to such extreme conclusions as are to be found in the writings of most pragmatists—conclusions which this book of Mr. Sidgwick's has wisely avoided.

My Own Story. By Louisa of Tuscany, Ex-Crown Princess of Saxony. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

In December, 1902, Louisa, daughter of Ferdinand IV, titular Grand Duke of Tuscany, and wife of Friedrich August, crown prince of Saxony, fled from Dresden to Zurich, where she lived for some time in the company of M. Giron, who was French tutor to her children. She was the mother of three sons and two daughters. A third daughter was born several months after her abrupt departure from Dresden. In 1903, a specially constituted tribunal pronounced a divorce in favor of her husband, who succeeded his father on the throne in the following year. For some time, the scandal was kept alive by the efforts of the Saxon monarch to get possession of his youngest daughter, supplemented by the eccentric career of his former wife, who took a second husband to herself in the person of an inconspicuous Italian gentleman. The present volume is the reply to what the author describes as a campaign of persecution and calumny extending over a period of ten years. Published originally in the Paris *Matin*, it was prepared for the English-speaking public with the aid of Mrs. Chester ffoulkes, to whom the author expresses gratitude. The hand of the English editor is easily perceptible.

The apologia fails to be convincing on crucial points. We may find it credible that this high-spirited young woman with more than a dash of Hapsburg irresponsibility in her, should have found herself from the very beginning out of place in a social circle where the men are described as fanatics and martinets and the women were dowdy. Princess Louisa accuses her father-in-law of hating her for her gayety and democratic ways. To his machinations, aided and abetted by court chamberlains and ladies-in-waiting, she ascribes her ruin. What is not so easy to believe is that King George should have carried his animosity to the extent of entering into a conspiracy to destroy her reputation. When that failed, he openly threatened to have her incarcerated in a home for the insane. The husband, Friedrich August, appears as a good-natured innocent who refused to believe in the plots against his wife and so left her without a defence. In the winter of 1902 the princess was awaiting the birth of a child, and the king's threat became a besetting horror. She left Dresden and sought refuge with her parents at the castle of Salzburg in Austria, and when her parents insisted on her return to her family, she fled to Zurich in the company of her brother, the Archduke Leopold. Determined to cut off all possibilities of a return to Dresden, this desperate and neurasthenic woman, as she describes herself, summoned to her side the man with whom her enemies at court had tried to link her name. It was her deliberate intention to compromise herself beyond hope, and she succeeded.

Such is the burden of the defence. It is a line of conduct which does not sound probable in a woman who describes herself as in love with her husband and passionately devoted to her children. It is at variance with the highly damaging testimony brought forward by persons intimately connected with her fortunes. Part of such hostile testimony the author explains away as inventions made possible by the control exercised by her enemies over the newspapers and the courts; part she passes over in silence. The book, as a whole, impresses one as being written with extreme artfulness as well as with literary skill. The earlier chapters, dealing with the author's childhood and youth, are charming; at the same time, in the picture they invoke of an impulsive and pleasure-loving young aristocrat, they create an excellent basis for the case that is to be developed. The specific improbabilities in that case have been mentioned. The tone of the narrative in itself does not always ring true, and largely because at frequent intervals the effort to write for an English audience is quite evident. It is plainly not the author but the English editor that was responsible for the incident of the American reporter who approached the fugitive princess at Zurich and said, "Say, Princess, I've the power to cover this stairway with banknotes for you to walk on, if you will just let me have a few words with you. Is it a deal?" The "Say, Princess," betrays the light British touch at once.

Wordsworth and the English Lake Country. By Eric Robertson. Illustrated with forty-seven drawings by Arthur Tucker. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.25 net.

This is a well-worn theme, but we recall no other book which treats the subject so systematically and fully. Part of the bulk of the present volume, to be sure, is due to superfluous members. One scarcely sees the advantage, for instance, of going into the ancient history of Inglewood Forest, and certainly the long prose paraphrase of "The Evening Walk" is an impertinence. Mr. Robertson's attitude toward Wordsworth is, moreover, of that suffusedly enthusiastic sort which rather irritates a reader of critical mood. It is late in the day, even for a pure Wordsworthian, to say that he can be fretted in one of Wordsworth's poems "at the constant suggestion of Goldsmith's medium of expression." To speak thus of the medium of expression of "The Deserted Village" and "The Traveller" is to admit that one is still hidebound in the narrowest of romantic conventions. But withal Mr. Robertson has written a book which, for the greater part, will add to the genuine and critical appreciation of Wordsworth. By an ingenious device of circles he has made the various Wordsworthian regions stand out graphically to the eye, and he has given to the Lake Country almost the force of a living entity. By the way a number of moot questions are discussed, and his answers are generally convincing. One of these is a local matter, of no stupendous importance to the world at large, but not devoid of interest to any who care to tread in the poet's footsteps. There are five theories in regard to the exact location of the "meeting of the ways" ("Prelude," xii, 287). That chosen by Mr. Robertson for his map accords with the opinion of Gordon Wordsworth. The view from this point is reproduced in a two-page picture by Arthur Tucker, who furnished the illustrations for the volume.

Mr. Robertson is at his best when he

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discusses such questions as the identity of "Lucy" and "Matthew." In the case of the Lucy poems he puts together several scattered stanzas from the ballad of "Lucy Gray":

> No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
> She dwelt on a wide moor,
> —The sweetest thing that ever grew
> Beside a human door. . . .

and compares their tone with the so-called Lucy group. His deduction is clever:

> Here we have a lyric which, though it be as abstract as the accepted Lucy poems, yet moves us with the same force that they contain. Had Wordsworth presented us with "Lucy Gray" in this form, we should have been eager to find a child-original for it in his own circle of experience—a needless quest, since the whole lyric is evolved from a girl, unknown to the poet, who fell into a canal. The example proves that, for all we know, Wordsworth at Goslar marvellously evolved the accepted group of Lucy poems from a basis of fact just as minute. Nevertheless, Lucy and Wordsworth's feeling for Lucy remain at least as high in the poetic firmament as Burns's affection for that immortal beauty.

In the case of the Matthew group, Mr. Robertson shows convincingly by his analysis that the person of the poems cannot correspond to any one individual of Hawkshead. His conclusion conveys a bit of excellent psychological criticism:

> The short and long about the Matthew compositions is—these poems are each exquisite; as a group intended to portray one ideal character, they are unacceptable. Given enough time to brood over a character, Wordsworth almost inevitably blended it with other personalities. One hardly knows whether this tendency in him was a merit or a defect. We shall be able to consider the tendency later, in connection with "Michael." So inveterate was the habit, that even the lines Wordsworth wrote in Thomson's "Castle of Indolence" present us with a composite, blurred image of himself and Coleridge, clear to no perception except the stereoscopic mind of its creator.

Perhaps the most novel and interesting discovery made by Mr. Robertson is the Wordsworthian or "Lakist" quality of the poems, otherwise anything but remarkable, in Charles Farish's "Minstrels of Winandermere." The copy of this rare book which fell into the hands of Mr. Robertson is inscribed on the title-page to "W. Wordsworth," and was probably given by the poet to his friend John Fleming in memory of old days. It was published in 1811, and though written in apparent unconsciousness of the earlier work of Wordsworth, depicts the life at Hawkshead with an occasional touch that is curiously Wordsworthian. It shows that the new manner was, so to speak, in the air.

A concordance to the names of persons and places belonging to Wordsworthshire, as referred to in the Oxford one-volume edition of Wordsworth, is a useful appendix to the book. There are also several letters now first published by the kindness of the present Earl of Lonsdale.

The Dawn of Mediterranean Civilization. By Angelo Mosso. Translated by Marian C. Harrison. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. $4 net.

To write a book of popular character on the neolithic culture of the Mediterranean regions is an excellent idea. The Late Minoan, or so-called Mycenæan, civilization, which has in the last few years emerged from oblivion, was so far advanced in artistic development that its origin and growth are matters of high interest to the archæologist and student of human progress. The material, both in Crete and in other places, which gives an idea of the Pre-Mycenæan culture, has been accumulating very rapidly of late, and a clear and well-illustrated account of the present stage of knowledge would be welcome to archæologists, particularly to those whose special work lies in later periods. A book for the Mediterranean, somewhat on the lines of Sophus Müller's little "Urgeschichte Europas," but with a larger number of illustrations, is about what is needed.

Dr. Mosso appreciated this need and has sought to meet it. Unfortunately, he has hardly succeeded in doing so. His book is put together loosely, without clear order and sequence, the result is that the reader gets no distinct picture. There are many good observations scattered throughout, but they are mixed in with much that seems irrelevant and often trivial. Matters which might perhaps have been appropriately mentioned in footnotes are included in the text, so that attention is constantly diverted from the main theme to distracting details. Important conclusions are stated with too little evidence, as, for example, where the author seeks (p. 183) to connect palæolithic paintings in Spain with Minoan Crete. A resemblance in boots, the chief reason given, is hardly sufficient to make so unusual a view convincing. It is, moreover, hard to believe that we can at present get so definite a notion of the early Cretan religion as is here given. Altogether, the work is like a rather miscellaneous note-book containing material which, after rearrangement and judicious omissions, would be ready for publication. To review such a book in detail would be unprofitable and would also create a wrong impression of Dr. Mosso's work, for, even in its present loose form, this is by no means without value. The many references in the notes make the book a useful guide to a wide range of scattered material, and the large number of good and not easily accessible illustrations, as was the case in Mosso's earlier book, "The Palaces of Crete," adds greatly to its worth.

The translation has been on the whole well done, though a few unfortunate slips have crept in, apparently through unfamiliarity with archæological matters. "Kratera" (p. 195) for crater, "palæ-ethnology" (p. 42); and the Italianized Greek "galopetre" (passim) are examples. Once or twice these last are very properly called "milk-stones." Why not always? On Page 3 read "Mrs." for "Miss" Quibell. The index should have been fuller. There is no excuse for the use of such very highly glazed paper; good "half-tones" may be had without it.

Notes

Five new books are soon to be issued by Harpers: "The Mansion," by Henry van Dyke; "Serving the Republic," by Gen. Nelson A. Miles; "The Power of Tolerance," by George Harvey; "Tom Brown's School-Days," with an introduction by W. D. Howells and thirty-six full-page illustrations by Louis Rhead, and "Tommy's Money," by John R. Coryell.

Among the volumes of fiction announced by Doubleday, Page & Co. are Mrs. Humphry Ward's "The Case of Richard Meynell," and "The Recording Angel" by Mrs. Cora Harris.

"Voices in the Crowd" is the title of the new volume of poems by Herbert Everett, to be issued by Moods Publishing Co.

"In Northern Mists," by Fridtjof Nansen, is a title in Stokes's November list.

Francis Woodward Tyler has prepared a baby record, entitled "In the Beginning," to be published by Faul Elder & Co.; it provides, among other things, mounting leaves for a photographic record of the baby's experiences.

William E. Burghardt Du Bois's "The Quest of the Silver Fleece," announced by A. C. McClurg, describes the struggles of the negro who attempts to develop his personality. The same house will issue Randall Parrish's "My Lady of Doubt," the scene of which is the American Revolution.

Miscellaneous books in Putnam's autumn list include: "South America To-day," by Georges Clemenceau, and "Helen of Troy, and Other Poems," by Sara Teasdale.

The house of Grant Richards of London is bringing out: "Empires of the Far East," a story of Japan, China, Manchuria, and Korea, by Launcelot Lawton; "Platonica," by Herbert Richards, and Lafcadio Hearn's translation of Faubert's "The Temptation of St. Anthony."

J. M. Barrie has turned his play "Peter Pan" into a narrative, having heightened and embroidered it with many new fantasies. Scribners will publish the book within a fortnight.

The list of announcements of Longmans, Green & Co. includes: "Memoirs and Letters of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Morier, G.C.B. From 1826—1876," edited by his daughter, Mrs. Rosslyn Wemyss; "The Pacification of Burma," by Sir Charles Crosthwaite; "The King's Caravan: Across Australia in a Wagon," by E. J. Brady; "The Story of My Life," by Emily, Shareefa of Wazan; "Alexander Viets Gris-

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wold Allen, 1841-1908," by Charles Lewis Slattery, D.D.; "God in Evolution," by Francis Howe Johnson; "The Reason of Life," by William Porcher Du Bose, D.D; "The Romance of the Holy Land," by Dr. Charles Leach; "More Ghost Stories," by Dr. M. R. James; "My Adventures in the Congo," by Marguerite Roby; "Peru of the Twentieth Century," by Percy F. Martin; "The Holy Eucharist," by the Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt, and "Primitive Catholicism," by Mgr. Pierre Batiffol.

Henri Bergson's "Laughter," which is described in the sub-title as "An Essay on the Meaning of the Comic," will be brought out soon by Macmilllan in an English version.

The same house has in hand "From Constantinople to the Home of Omar Khayyam," by A. V. Williams Jackson.

Mrs. Thomas Wentworth Higginson is preparing a memoir of her late husband, and asks the loan of letters written by him to friends and acquaintances. These letters will be promptly and carefully returned, intact. Any characteristic anecdotes or reminiscences of Col. Higginson will also be gratefully received. Address Mrs. T. W. Higginson, No. 29 Buckingham Street, Cambridge, Mass.

The "Diary" of Gideon Welles is promised by Houghton Mifflin Co. for October 28.

October publications of Small, Maynard & Co. include: "The Marriage Portion: The Mystery of a Man," by Julia Magruder; "The Young Gem Hunters, or, The Mystery of the Haunted Camp," a story for boys, by Hugh Pendexter; "The Librarian at Play," by Edmund Lester Pearson, and "Literary Pilgrimages of a Naturalist," by Winthrop Packard.

There are a number of historical works in the autumn list of Stanley Paul & Co., among them Lewis Melville's "Life and Letters of Sterne," in two volumes; "Fourteen Years of Diplomatic Life in Japan," leaves from the diary of Baroness Albert d'Anethan, whose husband represented Belgium at the Court of Japan; "Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III," the reminiscences of a lifelong friend; "The Life of Cesare Borgia," by Rafael Sabatini; "Duchess Derelict," a study of Cesare's wife, Charlotte d'Albret, by E. L. Miron, and "The Royal Miracle," a collection of rare tracts and broadsides concerning the wanderings of Charles II after the battle of Worcester.

Included in the Huth collection, a portion of which will be sold November 15 at Sotheby's, are a few interesting manuscripts: a fifteenth-century English Antiphonarium, an Apocalypse written by Margaret of Burgundy, a French manuscript on Peru.

Crowell has just published a reprint of Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" The book has a handsome cover of dark blue with a golden sunburst.

The latest issue in the Riverside Press Editions of Houghton Mifflin Co. is a slender volume containing the book of Ecclesiastes. The work has been done under the direction of Bruce Rogers and is in his best vein. The borders, adapted from Geofroy Tory, are particularly fine. Altogether the little book is precious in the best sense of the word.

One could wish that Mrs. James T. Fields, in her introduction to the "Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett" (Houghton Mifflin), had not started the reader wrong by likening them to "the famous journal of Dean Swift to Stella." A more unfortunate comparison you would not easily conceive; it merely calls undue attention to the weaker side of these letters. For it cannot be denied that there is in them a little too much of the "dear" and the "good," of that peculiar sweet optimism, in a word, which has been the bane of so many New England writers among the *epigonoi*—even the "Georgics" of Virgil are "pretty" in Miss Jewett's vocabulary. This was not exactly the character of Swift's "little language." But it need scarcely be added that the author of "The Country of the Pointed Firs" has also better stuff in her correspondence than falls under such criticism. The book offers, indeed, a variety of interests. From the editor we learn, if we did not already know, that Miss Jewett's father was a physician and that, "when the weather was pleasant, he would take his wise little girl into the chaise by his side in the morning, instead of urging her to go to school." What she learned in these tours of the country, no lover of her books need be told. She was in fact herself well versed in medicine, and in one of her letters of 1882, when she was in her thirty-fourth year, she speaks of reading "a handbook of anatomy" in bed. Possibly a selection of the letters might have been made to give a more intimate picture of life in South Berwick, Me., which was always Miss Jewett's home, and which furnished so much of her literary baggage. We do get glimpses of that life, finely phrased—of a visit, for instance, to "a house unlike any other, with a sense of space and time and *uninterruptedness*"—but so many of the letters are from different parts of the world that the atmosphere of the book is almost one of restlessness instead of gentle calm. Yet, on the other hand, we could ill spare the delightful letters from France. Best thing of all in the correspondence is the revelation of the writer's character—the character of the author of "Deephaven" and "The Country of the Pointed Firs." She says somewhere that at the back of her desk she had pinned up, so as to be constantly before her eyes when writing, the "two wonderful bits of Flaubert—'Ecrire la vie ordinaire comme on écrit l'histoire'; and the other, 'Ce n'est pas de faire rire—mais d'agir à la façon de la nature, c'est à dire de faire rêver.'" One sees in these letters how deeply the best of New England was imbedded in the author's own heart, and why ordinary life, as she describes it, is at once history and an evocation of dreams.

As the American wife of an Englishman Mrs. John Lane, one may suppose, loves two countries, and is rarely fitted to chasten wisely where she loves. Her score of essays just published, under the title "Talk of the Town" (Lane), leaves the first point in no way doubtful. Though her eye is quick to discern modern follies, her tone is always genial and full-hearted. Nor does she waste words on small doubtful matters, both countries being pricked at vital points:

> In his constancy he [the Englishman] is quite devoid of humor; in fact, the Englishman dreads humor. He, who by some curious freak of nature, has, as a nation, given the world its greatest humorists, is, as an individual, afraid of it. And, indeed, he is more afraid of laughter than he is of tears. In fact, if he had more humor, it would have had a wholesome effect on British art, and by and by he would cease to love the feeble [in art].

And American smugness wins no ruth:

> To say in America that you are going abroad puts you at once on a superior social footing. It is a kind of self-bestowed order of knighthood.

The American business man is well caught in a single episode. One was heard asking a porter in a Geneva hotel:

> "Is there a museum in this town?"
> "No, sir," said the porter, humiliated by this disgraceful confession. "Thank God," the young American cried fervently, and shook the astonished man's hand.

The author's position on women's rights stands apparent in one of the titles—"Men's Wrongs." The question is already more than settled, to judge by her admonishment of men to demand, in exchange for what women have, "the liberty of the needle." An interesting light is thrown on the position of vice-presidents. About three months before his assassination President McKinley was visited by an Englishman who expressed regret and surprise that John Hay had left England to enter the Cabinet:

> "To be ambassador to England is, of course, the greatest office in your gift," he said, conscious that there is only one England.
> "No," the President replied, "it is a much greater position to be Secretary of State. He comes next in importance to the President." Here he paused and then added casually, as an afterthought which had nearly escaped him, "I mean, of course, with the exception of the Vice-President."

The happiest essay in the volume is, to our thinking, "The London Bus," which for keen observation coupled with an airily by-the-way philosophizing compares favorably with the early eighteenth century manner.

The fifth volume of F. B. Dexter's "Biographical Sketches of the Graduates of Yale College with Annals of the College History" (Holt) carries the record from the year 1792 to 1805, and shows the same careful scholarship as its predecessors. These sketches are not only valuable on account of the great mass of genealogical and biographical details they contain, but also because, in brief and perhaps unintentionally quaint statements of fact, they depict so graphically the nature and life of Yale College a century ago. Thus, under the year 1792, we read:

> The newly organized government of the College, consequent upon the Act of the General Assembly in May, 1792, came fully into operation with the meeting of the Corporation at Commencement on September 11. Delicate questions of precedence in the order of procession to the public exercises had to be settled; but the most important action taken was with reference to the new building to be built from the funds supplied by the State, the estimated cost of which was £2,500. Ebenezer Gay, of the Class of 1787, resigned the tutorship at Commencement, and his place was filled by the election of Jonathan W. Edwards, of the Class of 1789.

The uncertain state of the Colonial government, the gift, even then, of $10,000 by the State, and the fact that commencement was really the commencement of studies and occurred in the autumn instead of in June, are a few of the interesting things brought to light by this one suggestive paragraph. In the eight hundred pages of

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Mr. Dexter's volume there is much of a kindred nature.

"The Danger Zone of Europe" (Little, Brown), by H. Charles Woods, possesses among other merits that of unusual timeliness. The author touches, with a hand sure of its grasp, upon many problems which the present war has brought to the fore of public discussion. The successes and failures of the Young Turks are set forth impartially, and on the basis of extensive information. The new régime, as the author shows, has unquestionably diffused a sense of greater personal security throughout Turkish territory. Travel is safer, the peasant gathers his crops with more freedom, the spy system has been largely abolished, and the censorship of the press has been relaxed. There is also noticeable a slight improvement in the social status of married women, and some efforts are being made to raise the standard of education for girls. But the reform element is greatly hampered by the condition of the civil service. The corrupt officials dismissed when Abdul Hamid's power ended were replaced by inexperienced men whose honesty and efficiency are still to be tried. Liberalism meets with the opposition of the fanatical believer in the letter of the Koran. The Christian races are tenacious of their old-time privileges, which, under the new constitution, must be withdrawn. The Greek patriarch has been shorn of his power over schools, churches, and hospitals, as has also been the Bulgarian exarch. In Macedonia the great landowners, who are chiefly Moslems, now devote more attention to their properties, and have become more exacting toward their Christian tenants. The law against brigands bears heavily on the Christians, who are compelled to surrender their firearms, while Moslems are leniently dealt with. In Albania the taking of the census, with its questioning of women, has exasperated the population. The warlike Arnauts, moreover, hate to furnish the Government with information disclosing their numerical strength. The Northern Albanians, who have in the past professed allegiance to no one, regard compulsory conscription in the Turkish army as a breach of faith. They are willing, for the protection of their homes, to fight Greeks, Bulgarians, Servians, and Montenegrins, but they object to serving the Sultan in a war which does not concern them. The army which brought about the triumph of the Young Turks, in July, 1908, still controls both the internal policy and the foreign relations of the empire. The committee of the Union and Progress party was, at the outbreak of the war with Italy, supported by the army, but its tenure of power is evidently involved in the fortunes of the struggle. Shefket Pasha, whom Mr. Woods describes as a very moderate man, holds the key to the internal situation. Even while nominally only inspector-general of part of the Turkish army, he was in reality "a sort of secret lord and master of all he surveyed." Kiamil Pasha is, in the author's opinion, the ablest Turkish statesman, but he speaks somewhat guardedly of Hilmi Pasha, the grand vizier retired at the end of 1909, whose reappointment recent reports have foreshadowed. The complicated financial situation of Turkey receives due consideration at the hands of the author. A particularly interesting chapter is devoted to the causes and results of the Armenian massacres of April, 1909. But for these matters and the chapters on Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, Bosnia, Asia Minor, and the Cretan question, we must refer our readers to the book itself, which is valuable in all its parts.

The 1911 edition of Prof. George Chase's "Code of Civil Procedure" (Banks Law Publ. Co.) comes out in its usual compact and convenient form. The compilation consists of the New York Code of Civil Procedure, the Constitution, General Construction Law, the Rules of Court, and the Municipal Court Act, with indexes and notes. The only original parts, of course, are the indexes and notes. The Code professes to be complete up to September 1, 1911, but on opening the book, we find a very serious fault on the title-page in the words "as amended to the close of the Legislative Session of 1911." The session did not close until October 6, and he had no assurance that no further amendments would be made. It is highly important in a work of this sort that the date to which amendments and annotations have been carried should be clearly stated. No fewer than fifty-five sections of the Code have been amended by the Laws of 1911 so far. It is unsafe for any practitioner to rely on an old edition of the Code, and it is quite possible that a section taken from this book published in September, 1911, may be amended before October by the very Legislature whose work the title-page claims to cover. The same criticism applies to the annotations. They have evidently been carried forward to a very recent date, but we have searched in vain for any statement in the preface, title-page, or head-note to indicate the date or volume of reports up to which the work has been brought. No really satisfactory index has ever been made of the Code of Civil Procedure, probably because the work is so cumbrous and ill-arranged that such an index is virtually an impossibility. The index of this book is for the most part satisfactory. On the whole, the book is neither better nor worse than other pocket editions of the Code.

The indefatigable William Eleroy Curtis wrote up Turkestan in a series of newspaper letters now issued in book form by the George H. Doran Co. ("Turkestan the Heart of Asia"). He went from Baku by steamer across the Caspian to Krasnovodsk, thence by the central Asian railway to Askhabad, Merv, Bokhara, Samarkand, and Tashkend, and straight back. On the way he observed and recorded enormously and questioned voraciously; and in consequence he has produced a very vivid description, often witty if of the newspaper fashion, but throughout interesting and suggestive. Of course, on ancient and mediæval history he requires allowance, but he has known how dexterously to interweave brilliant and picturesque bits from contemporary chronicles. His estimates, too, of the present economic situation and of the Russian methods of dealing with the people, are sane and balanced. Their contrasts with those of the English in India on the one hand and of the French in North Africa on the other might with advantage have been pushed further. How best to handle less developed races is perhaps the greatest problem of civilization, and Mr. Curtis's ideas are worthy of attention. There are 34 good illustrations and a map.

Of the forty-volume Propyläen-Ausgabe of Goethe's works (Munich: Georg Müller) there have appeared thus far the first eight volumes. They contain, in chronological arrangement, the literary output of the poet from his earliest verses (1757) to "Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre" (1795) and are interspersed with a few typical letters from each period. The large octavo volumes are beautifully printed on excellent paper and suitably bound, making the edition one to appeal primarily to the lover of handsome books. No editor is mentioned, and there are neither introductions nor commentaries. Evidently the publisher does not look to scholars for his purchasers, since no special value is attached to the text. He has simply carried out in a general way the idea of Hirzel's "Der junge Goethe" through the whole of the poet's life, and no doubt this plan of arrangement, which so admirably serves the purpose of the student, will be favorably received by the general reader. On the one hand the edition is not absolutely complete, even aside from the letters; on the other it contains a few items of doubtful authorship and others that nowadays no recognized scholar ascribes to Goethe. But these defects are of small import. Of the three supplement volumes the first has appeared, with the title "Die Bildnisse Goethes," and is issued by Ernst Schulte-Strathaus. This book is a real contribution to Goethe literature. Based on the publications of Rollett and Zarncke and supplemented by their later unpublished corrections and additions, it is now the best source of information concerning Goethe portraits made from life. It has 167 plates, excellent reproductions of new photographs (except the 45 drawn from Zarncke's collection) of the original 45 drawings, 42 paintings, 37 silhouettes, 18 busts, and 2 masks, together with the reliefs, medals, engravings, statuettes, and models. A table is inserted showing the corresponding numbers in Rollett and Zarncke, from which it appears that Schulte-Strathaus has added to the collection over fifty numbers unknown to Rollett and over thirty unknown to Zarncke. While the editor has limited himself for the most part to works drawn from life, the reader turning the pages is sometimes put to it to imagine that the same subject could have posed for such dissimilar pictures. Why Goethe should have sat for some of them, or granting that he had a good reason for doing so, why he should have allowed them to be preserved, it would be hard to say. The editor refrains almost altogether from entering into the question to what extent each picture is a true likeness, preferring to quote instead the reported opinions of Goethe himself and, whenever he could find any, of those who knew both the picture and the original. An index of names of artists adds to the convenience of the work for reference.

The Rev. James Mitchell, D.D., whose death is announced from Edinburgh at the age of eighty-one, was the author of "The Church and the People," "Rulers and Subjects," "The Voluntary Question," and "Significant Etymology."

William Eleroy Curtis, one of the best-known journalists in this country, died sud-

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denly a week ago in Philadelphia, at the age of sixty-one. Mr. Curtis, who was a special writer on the Chicago *Record-Herald*, had in the last few months been gathering material in the South for articles. He had a life contract with that paper to write a daily letter. The contract was made in 1887, when the *Record-Herald* was the Chicago *Record*. For nearly a quarter of a century he carried out his contract, writing from the four quarters of the globe. Among the books which he wrote are "Capitals of Spanish America," "The Land of the Nihilist," "The True Thomas Jefferson," and "The True Abraham Lincoln."

Science

Horace B. Woodward contributes to Putnam's History of the Sciences series, "History of Geology"; it will be ready shortly.

Dr. Charles S. Myers's "Text Book of Applied Psychology," revised and enlarged, has just been published by the Longmans, in two volumes which are not sold senarately.

The Troglodytes or cave-dwellers of southern Tunisia are described by F. E. Johnson in the *National Geographic Magazine* for September, and with the help of sixty illustrations one gets a vivid impression of their life in their strange homes. They seem to be divided into three groups, those who live under the earth, in holes in the hillsides, and the climbers. He is enthusiastic in his praise of the work of the French, especially in the establishment of law and order where thirty years ago was rapine, fire, and sword. L. Kennedy gives an account of a journey to the highest known waterfall, the Kaieteur on the Potaro River in British Guiana. At the brink the river is 369 feet wide and the fall is 741 feet, nearly five times as high as Niagara.

Remarkable progress in the education of the deaf is shown in the report for [illegible] of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. It differs from similar institutions in being a military school—the first of the sort—having been put on this basis by its principal, Prof. E. H. Currier, soon after his appointment in 1893. The ethical value of military training he held to be in teaching the child obedience and self-control. His success has been great. He has established a band composed entirely of the pupils, to ascertain whether the hearing of the partially deaf might not be developed by musical massage. There are now twenty-nine musicians, with a repertoire of 185 selections, which are played with great accuracy and sweetness. The vibrations of music seem to vitalize the hearing nerves and to restore partially the hearing faculty.

To present an attractive and helpful account of the relations of organisms to their surroundings is, at the present time, a difficult task. The study of them is largely a matter of physiology, the science which consists essentially in the application of chemistry and physics to life and growth. Now it happens that recently there have been revolutionary changes along the border between chemistry and physics which necessitate a partial restatement of the general physiological principles. Professor Duggar of Cornell University has now done this on the side of vegetation, in the new volume "Plant Physiology" (Macmillan). He has interwoven in a satisfactory manner the new conceptions with the old, and has constructed a strictly modern and cautious treatise. In range it goes beyond the limits of physiology proper into the neighboring field of ecology, being all the better for that. Primarily, it is a textbook for horticultural and agricultural students, but the style of presentation renders the work suitable for amateurs also. The author has the happy faculty of stating his facts strikingly. The laboratory practice is well ordered.

The "Practical Medical Dictionary" (Wm. Wood & Co.), compiled by Dr. T. L. Stedman, is a handsome as well as handy volume of a thousand pages. The book is laid down on broad lines and the author endeavors to cover a large field, in which synonyms and variations of names and biographical memoranda rankly grow and in which are many pitfalls for those unwary students whose linguistic deficiencies are deplored in a preface that is not without hope of better days. The general purpose of Dr. Stedman is excellent, and his efforts in the direction of correct pronunciation and exact, concise definition are most praiseworthy, but the inclusion of all medical terms is an almost impossible task. We have just tested the book by a single recent number of a well-known American medical journal, picked up quite at random, and have noted above a dozen words or terms which would have difficulties for the average medical student using this dictionary. On the other hand, it must be said that the book is exceedingly rich and helpful in the enumeration of appliances and special methods, although some of the illustrations seem to us superfluous in a work of this kind.

The popular mispronunciation of *angina* is carefully corrected, but Dr. Stedman seems to overlook the prevailing misconception of the quantity in *vertigo*. The pronunciation of the name of Virchow indicated by *"fer-khov"* is fairly in accord with the general rules of German pronunciation but is not that used by his family, who pronounced it *"fer-kho."* Some other pronunciations are also not quite impeccable, and that of Cheyne, a hard name for the beginner, is not given at all. By an unfortunate slip of the typesetter, the distinguished Saemisch is described as an "Australian ophthalmologist," nor is the probably intended "Austrian" properly descriptive of him. There also seems to be some confusion in attributing to the anatomist, Moritz Nussbaum, matter which belongs to the noted surgeon bearing the same family name. The well-established distinction between *albumen* and *albumin* ought to have been preserved and confirmed, and we note that the derivation of *opsonin* is not the one given by the author of the word, and also that the definition of the *purin bodies* takes no account of the present view concerning these important substances. These comments touch only one line of topics. We might easily pursue the subject further along other lines did space permit, perhaps *ad nauseam*, a phrase which should be conspicuous in any dictionary dealing with medicines but to be found in this only by the constructive effort.

Drama

The Aran Islands. By J. M. Synge. Boston: John W. Luce & Co. $1.25 net.

Riders to the Sea. The same. 50 cents net.

The Tinker's Wedding. The same. 75 cents net.

From these three volumes it is possible to form a clear conception of the genius of the late J. M. Synge, its power, its charm, and its limitations. If they do not reveal him as the inspired dramatist he has been described to be by some of his most eulogistic compatriots, they prove at least that he had the true poetic vision and sensibility, the zeal of the student, the fervor of the patriot, a passionate sympathy with Nature in her wildest moods, and a keen appreciation of the rugged virtues of an unsophisticated and virile race. It is as a literary artist that he shines most in these pages. The diaries of his sojourn in the Aran Islands, those bleak rocks that endure the fiercest onset of the Atlantic storms which rage along the coast of Galway, are as full of interest for the general reader as for the ethnologist or for the lover of fairy legend or Gaelic. They have an especial value, because the patriarchal conditions of life which they depict, with convincing veracity, are already subject to the changes inevitably caused by increasing contact with the forces of modern civilization. Being a poet, Mr. Synge throws about the islands and their inhabitants a glamour which would not be felt by the ordinary visitor, but he was in many respects an ideal reporter. As he had the gift of insight as well as of observation, no incident or characteristic was too trivial for his record, and in so primitive a community no incident or characteristic was without its peculiar significance. The habits, the speech, the dress, and the manners of men, women, and children are noted with the minutest accuracy and with a descriptive skill which gives continuous fascination to the narrative. The hardy fisher folk in their curaghs—crank as the ancient coracles—the forlorn old widows, the full-blooded maidens, and the rheumatic grandsires, with their inexhaustible stores of folklore, are sketched with a vivid fidelity that stamps them as the natural product of their harsh and awe-inspiring environment. Facing from infancy a fierce struggle for existence, dependent for food upon scraps of barren soil or the scanty harvest of the devouring sea, perpetually beaten by storm or drenched by mists, with death threatening on every hand, and no hope of any greater luxury than a brief respite from hardship, how could they be other than a strong, simple, hospitable, self-centred, and imaginative folk, jealous of

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liberty, rebellious against a law or an authority they did not comprehend, patient and strangely philosophic in calamity, but capable, upon occasion, of almost hysterical outbursts of emotion? Thus it is that Mr. Synge represents them. He tells a story of a man who killed his father with a blow of a spade in a sudden fit of fury and who was successfully hidden from the police by his friends, who, while they in no way excused the deed, argued that no man would kill his father if he could help it, and that, if he were unfortunate enough to do so, it would be ridiculous to hang him afterward, as he could never repeat the offence, while his remorse would be sufficient punishment.

During his different visits to the islands Mr. Synge lived among the natives as one of themselves, passing his days and nights in intimate converse by the fireside or on the shore, and sharing in all their simple joys or sorrows. He risked his life with them in tempest, fiddled for them when they wanted to dance, participated in their tragedies of death or eviction, rewarded their fairy tales with conjuring tricks, and became so much of an islander as to be affected by the physical phenomena around him. At all events, he tells of a dream of unearthly music which stirred him to such a frenzy of excitement as left him trembling and exhausted when he awoke. It would be interesting to quote many of his experiences, observations, and conversations as he reports them, and especially some notable passages of description of the beauties and terrors of the ocean in calm and storm; but such fragmentary excerpts could but faintly reflect the varied charm of a book whose refined, simple, vigorous prose exhibits throughout the taste of the scholar, the perception of the humorist, and the fancy of the poet.

It is from the Aran Islands that Synge derived his inspiration for the "Riders to the Sea," which some of his most ardent admirers have called the greatest tragedy of modern times. This is the language of extravagance, although the modern output of stage tragedy is small. Actually, the piece cannot rightfully be called a tragedy, in the proper sense of the word, at all. It lacks the essential elements of a work of that kind, being merely an episode of fisher life, culminating in a catastrophe following a vision. But it is told with a directness, a rapidity of action, and an impression of impending and inevitable climax which are truly dramatic, while the pathos of it is deep, eloquent, and pathetic. In its way it is, undoubtedly, a little masterpiece, patterned closely after the model of an early Maeterlinck conception. The scene is the hut of Mawreya, a fisherman's widow. She is awaiting news of her missing son, Michael. His sole surviving brother, Bartley, who is about to put to sea in a terrible storm, brings in fragments of clothing found on the body of a drowned man, for his sisters to identify. They recognize them as having belonged to Michael, and strive to dissuade Bartley from undertaking his voyage. But he is obdurate even to the supplications of his mother, who is yet ignorant of her other son's fate. He departs without the old woman's blessing, whereupon she follows him out to bestow it, but is prevented from doing so by a vision of Michael riding in attendance upon him. This she accepts as a sure token of his coming death, and soon afterward his dead body is carried into the house. The curtain falls upon the bereaved mother's outcry of despairing resignation. Nothing could be much more moving than the cruel unadorned realism of it all or more truthfully characteristic of the supposed actors and the scene. As a poignant extract from the book of life it has theatrical value of a very high order.

"The Tinker's Wedding" may be dismissed briefly. It is well known and has been acted in this country. As drama it is inconsiderable, being in the nature of broad farce. That the types are more or less veracious need not be disputed, but it offends against discretion and good taste, while the humor of it, though positive, is not extraordinary. The genius exhibited in these works of Mr. Synge is much more literary and poetic than dramatic.

The Unionist-Gazette Association of Somerville, N. J., announces, in an edition limited to a thousand copies, "The Shakespeare Autobiography of Dr. Appleton Morgan."

The arrival in this country of Lewis Waller, the popular English actor, who is to play the leading male character in "The Garden of Allah" in the Century Theatre, is an interesting theatrical incident. For many years he has been accounted one of the ablest representatives of romantic heroes upon the British stage. In the legitimate drama his Henry V has generally been regarded as his greatest achievement, and it is gratifying to hear that he intends to give some performances of this character here before his return to London. The best interpretation of it seen in this city in modern times was that of George Rignold. "The Garden of Allah" is to be produced on the afternoon of Saturday, October 21.

"Macbeth" is expected to run until Christmas at His Majesty's Theatre, in London and perhaps longer, but in the holidays its career will be interrupted for a revival on a grand scale of Offenbach's "Orphée aux Enfers." Mr. Zangwill's new play, "The God of War," is to be given soon at morning performances. The interesting announcement is made that some of Shakespeare's historical plays will be revived at the festival next year.

Concerning his new play, "The God of War," Mr. Zangwill says:

It is an effort to deal in artistic form with the problem of universal peace. It is not an allegory; the time and the characters are modern—in fact, entirely up-to-date, as befits the theme. I have endeavored to do two things: First, to show to what extent the gospel of good will or general peace among nations has really taken hold of civilization; second, to inculcate that gospel with all the artistic strength of which I am capable. The great problem of the present is the liberation of thought, which means thinking along new and original lines of course, with a general betterment of the race. In the very fact that the science of war has advanced to the plane of an almost perfect science of destruction, we see the dawn of universal peace.

The Adelphi Play Society, in London, is preparing an ambitious programme for the coming season. It will give "The Father" and the "Fräulein Julie" of Strindberg; incidents from Nietzsche's "Also Sprach Zarathustra"; "Othello," in full, and without waits; "Pippa Passes" and "Peer Gynt"; Hauptmann's "Biberpeltz," in a new translation by C. E. Wheeler, and Arthur Schnitzler's "Das Märchen."

The Drama Society of London, a newly-formed body, will produce during the autumn "Pietro of Siena," a hitherto unacted play by Stephen Phillips; the last four acts of Ibsen's "The Wild Duck," Oscar Wilde's "A Florentine Tragedy," and "Souls on the Tramp," a new farce dealing with theosophy and reincarnation, written by Paul Hyacinthe Loyson and Leonard Henslowe.

Music

Franz Liszt. By James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

No living author is better equipped for writing the definitive, standard life of Liszt than Mr. Huneker. More than a quarter of a century ago he began to collect books, articles, and anecdotes on that pianist-composer; he has been personally intimate with many of Liszt's pupils, among whom some became almost as famous as their master; and he has enjoyed the advantage over most biographers and commentators of being able to play on his own piano the Liszt pieces, including the most difficult. Thus prepared, he projected, nine years ago, an exhaustive biography of Liszt, with analyses of the bulk of his works, like those contained in his admirable book on Chopin. Appalled, however, by the vast amount of raw material before him, he changed his mind and has written instead a book of 458 pages in which certain aspects of Liszt's life and art are studied without much regard for chronological sequence. The standard "Life and Works" therefore still remains to be written, for the books of Kapp, Nohl, Göllerich, Vogel, Hervey, and others are mere sketches, while Lina Ramann's three volumes, though invaluable as a trustworthy source of information, are incomplete on the biographic side and uncritical in their persistent adulation.

Thus Mr. Huneker's book, though it has fallen short of his original ambition, may nevertheless be commended to music-lovers as the one which will give them the vividest impression of the

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most brilliant and many-sided of all musical geniuses; and at the same time a clear idea of the qualities which distinguish Liszt's most important works from those of other composers. There are in it excellent analyses of the twelve symphonic poems, the "Faust" and "Dante" symphonies, the B minor sonata, the études, the "Dance of Death," the concertos, the "Rakocsy" march, the choral and sacred works. Mr. Huneker is far from being a full-blooded Lisztite; he is not always successful, unfortunately, in sorting the chaff from the wheat. His remark, for example, that "one Chopin Mazurka contains more music than all the Liszt rhapsodies," is preposterous. The bitterest of Liszt's enemies, Dr. Hanslick, was so enthusiastic over these pieces that he called them "milestones in the history of art"; they are epitomes of the best melodies of one of the most musical nations—the one to which Liszt himself belongs; yet Mr. Huneker calls them "empty." By giving five pages to a citation of August Spanuth's admirable remarks on these same rhapsodies, he atones, however, for his own lapse from critical sanity—a lapse which should perhaps be taken no more seriously than his extraordinary assertions that "there is nothing new since Beethoven"; that "opera is the weakest of forms"; or such cynical exclamations as "fancy the pianoforte inciting to tears!" or "the New Zealander is already alive, though young, who will visit Europe to attend the last piano-recital."

In his first chapter, Mr. Huneker gives a summary view of Liszt, "the real and legendary," traversing his career and dwelling briefly on points that are more fully elaborated in later chapters, among them his "youthful extravagances, inseparable from his gipsy-like genius." He tells here also why "Germany set the fashion in abusing Liszt. He had too much success for one man, and as a composer, he must be made an example of; the services he rendered in defending the music of the insurgent Wagner were but another black mark against his character." Liszt's frequent remark, "I can wait," is of course cited, but in his remarks on the present status of the Liszt cult, Mr. Huneker is not entirely consistent. He thinks the "martyrdom motive has been sounded too often"; and denies that "the Liszt compositions have unduly suffered from the proverbial neglect of genius." But they have; he himself admits this on p. 66 in speaking of certain études, "those wonderful continuations of the Chopin studies," of some of which not only the public, but most pianists, have "never heard." And surely there was cause for sounding the martyrdom motive in the fact that New York will this winter hear for the first time the "Dante" symphony, which, as Weingartner has justly said, marks the summit of Liszt's creative power, being at the same time "the ripest fruit of that style of programme music that is artistically justified, since Berlioz."

With fascinating inconsistency, Mr. Huneker himself sounds the "martyrdom motive" again and again. Nothing in all musical literature is more eloquent than the two pages (26, 27), in which he shows how Liszt, after creating the symphonic poem, inventing a musical phrase, novel in shape and gait, perfecting the leading motive, employing poetic ideas instead of the antique and academic cut and dried square-toed themes, "was ruthlessly plundered almost before the ink was dry on his manuscript, and without due acknowledgment of the original source." The leading composers of Germany, France, and Russia benefited by his new ideas while he "sat in Weimar and smiled and waited, and waited and smiled." Wagner was one of the pilferers. "The later Wagner would not have existed—as we now know him—without first traversing the garden of Liszt"; it was the study of Liszt's symphonic poems that bridged over the "yawning chasm between 'Lohengrin' and 'Tristan'." The modern Frenchmen, from Saint-Saëns to Debussy, and most of the modern Russians "stem from Liszt." His influence was as wide, as deep, as Wagner's, or Beethoven's, or Chopin's; yet how few give him credit therefor! "The true history of Liszt as composer has yet to be written."

No fewer than 126 pages of this volume go to a chapter entitled "Mirrored by his Contemporaries." Vast as is the Liszt literature—a far from complete bibliography fills 27 pages of Kapp's book—nothing of importance or special interest seems to have escaped Mr. Huneker's drag-net; and in these brief extracts from the writings of men and women who knew Liszt and his compositions one gets a wonderfully vivid and varied idea of his many-sided character and activity. Beginning with Von Lenz's account of the blasé young pianist in Paris in 1828, we read what such men as Berlioz, Moscheles, John Dwight, Hans Christian Andersen, Heine, Schumann, Grieg, such women as Caroline Bauer, Fanny Kemble, Lola Montez, George Eliot, and others had to say at various times. Nearly everybody knew Liszt; five pages of Mr. Huneker's book are covered by the names of Liszt's pupils. The last chapters contain brief remarks about the most important of these and other "Modern Pianoforte Virtuosi." Under the head of "At Rome, Weimar, Budapest," copious details are given regarding piano tours, friendships, notable persons met, among them Gregorovius, who wrote of Liszt that "he and his instrument seemed to be grown together—a piano centaur." The important rôle played in Liszt's life by religion and by women, especially princesses, is dwelt on—"one naturally drops into the Almanach de Gotha when writing of the friends of Liszt"; in short, no phase of the past is neglected, and in a further chapter, "In the Footsteps of Liszt," we get an interesting glimpse of the present condition of the cities and places which were the great man's favorite haunts. Eighteen illustrations of these haunts and of friends and relatives add to the attractiveness of this volume, which is as entertaining and as brilliant in style as it is timely.

Caruso is evidently himself again, judging by the enthusiastic tributes paid to his voice and his singing when he broke his long silence by appearing at the Imperial Opera in Vienna last month.

One of the most interesting features of the coming New York season will be a concert at Carnegie Hall by the Theodore Thomas Orchestra of Chicago, under its famous conductor, Frederick Stock. Thirteen years have passed since this admirable orchestra was last heard here.

Ossip Gabrilowitch, the eminent Russian pianist who married Mark Twain's daughter and now lives in Munich, will play in European cities this season, but will probably come to America next season. Recognizing the fact that good conductors are even in greater demand than good pianists, he has also undertaken the leading of the Konzertverein Orchestra in Munich, with which he will give five concerts this winter, with eminent soloists, including Schumann-Heink and Sophie Menter.

The first of the Hippodrome Sunday night concerts will be given on Sunday evening, October 15, when Jan Kubelik, the distinguished violinist, will make his reappearance in New York after an absence of four years. Mr. Kubelik will be assisted by Nahan Franko and his orchestra of sixty musicians. Concertos by Tchaikovsky and Mendelssohn are on the programme. The American tour will include a hundred concerts.

Maud Powell has selected for performance this season the new suite for violin and orchestra, by W. H. Humiston, which had its first hearing in August at the Peterboro MacDowell Festival, where the soloist was Miss Grace Freeman of California. Mr. Humiston was a pupil of MacDowell at Columbia University. His "Southern Fantasy," which was played at Carnegie Hall by the People's Symphony Orchestra, will shortly be published by Breitkopf & Härtel, who also have in press an album of five songs by the same composer.

The programme for the Oratorio Society's concerts this season differs greatly from those hitherto presented; the usual "Messiah" concerts will occur at Christmas, and in the week of March 25 a Brahms Festival of four concerts, given in connection with the New York symphony Society, the programmes of which will be devoted exclusively to the compositions of Johannes Brahms. In these concerts the Symphony Society, under Walter Damrosch, will have an equal part with the Oratorio Society, two of the four festival concerts being choral and two orchestral. A special edi-

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tion of the choral works to be sung has been prepared for the society, in order that the language of the text shall, in some measure, be as beautiful as the music of its setting. One of the four symphonies of Brahms will be performed at each of the four festival concerts, and will be conducted by Walter Damrosch. The choral works will be conducted by Frank Damrosch. They will include the "Song of Triumph," "Nänie, and the famous "German Requiem." The "Messiah" will be sung on December 27 and 29; Brahms's "Nänie" and "Song of Triumph" on March 25, and the "German Requiem" on March 30. The dates for the orchestral Brahms concerts are March 27 and 29.

The Volpe Symphony Society of New York, under the direction of Arnold Volpe, will give a series of four subscription concerts at Carnegie Hall on Tuesday evenings, November 2, January 9, February 20, and March 26, instead of Sunday afternoons. The artists engaged to assist at this, the eighth season, are: Rudolph Ganz, pianist; Ludwig Hess, tenor; Albert Spalding, violinist, and Leo Ornstein, pianist. The standard symphonies to be given will include: Beethoven's No. 3 ("Eroica"), Schumann's No. 4, Cesar Franck's Symphony in D minor, and Tchaikovsky's No. 4. The plan, inaugurated last season, of having at least one American composition in each programme, will be continued, and the works to be given in pursuance of this plan are: "Christmas Overture," by Percy Goetschius; "The Mystic Trumpeter," by Frederick S. Converse; "Comedy Overture," on negro themes, by Henry Gilbert. To these will be added the Symphony in D minor, by Pietro Floridia, an Italo-American, who has already become known in this country through his opera "Paoletta." The symphonic poem "Les Préludes," by Liszt, will be played at the initial concert, in commemoration of the centennial of the composer's birth.

Art

"Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art," by Ernest F. Fenollosa, will be brought out in November by Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The Putnams will publish in October "Illuminated Manuscripts," by J. A. Herbert and Evelyn Underhill.

The publishing firm of Calzone in Rome will shortly issue the first two numbers of the official catalogue of all the antiquities and works of art in Italy: Aosta and its neighborhood, by Dr. Toesca, and Pisa, by Dr. Papini. This catalogue will deal exhaustively with the art treasures of Italy and will be fully illustrated.

The scope of Walter H. Godfrey's "A History of Architecture in London" (Scribner importation) is described in the subtitle, "Arranged to illustrate the course of architecture in England until 1800, with a sketch of the preceding European styles." Mr. Godfrey's survey has been made in very workmanlike fashion. Virtually every building treated is represented by a plan which shows clearly the original structure and the extant portions. There are in all upwards of two hundred and fifty maps and illustrations. An alphabetical list of important buildings, with a key map, is a useful feature. For the leisurely tourist the book is admirably contrived, and even the professional architect will find it convenient as a source of first reference. Indeed, it may be warmly recommended to all who would know their old London well.

Henry C. Shelley's "The British Museum, Its History and Treasures" (L. C. Page & Co.) is a very readable but one-sided manual. Satisfactory on the side of the history of the Museum, which requires about one-third of the space, the text is perfunctory on such important matters as the Greek marbles and the drawings and engravings. The Egyptian, Babylonian, and prehistoric sections, however, are written with much judgment and enthusiasm. For the accessibility of its collections and the ready courtesy and helpfulness of its officials, the Museum fully deserves Mr. Shelley's repeated commendations. The book contains fifty halftone cuts from well-chosen originals.

Hard upon the Vasari quattro-centenary appears the first volume of "Scritte di M. Giorgio Vasari Pittore et Architetto Aretino," mit Kritischem Apparate herausgegeben von Dr. Karl Frey (Munich: Georg Müller). It is impossible within the allotted space to do more than signalize a few points of importance in this monumental undertaking. Only continued use could prove the accuracy of critical apparatus crowded with documentary material. For the first time we have a letter perfect edition of Vasari's issue of 1568 with all the variants of the first edition of 1550. The annotation is extraordinarily full. We have, for example, a complete reprint of the Strozzi compilations from the account books of the Florentine wool guild. The fortunes of the Baptistery are followed year by year. All contentious points in these early lines are discussed in interchapters. So complete is this material that this bulky first volume contains besides the introductory material only the lives of Cimabue, Arnolfo, and Nicolo and Giovanni Pisano. The first volume of Milanesi's edition in nine volumes contained some twenty lives. Accordingly, it seems impossible that this new edition should be rounded out within the seven or eight volumes announced as the limit. On this matter of space Dr. Frey reminds the reader that these earlier lives require a fulness of annotation superfluous in later and more accurate portions of Vasari.

In general Dr. Frey's discussions are clarifying. With steady hand he holds apart the proved from the merely probable. He has brought to bear upon the open questions all relevant documents, in extract. One learns from his pages precisely the present state of the subject. These leisurely reviews of the great open questions are generally so clearly and sensibly done, that most scholars, we presume, will reconcile themselves to the great but necessary *longueurs* involved. Into this admirably objective survey Dr. Frey's pet theory of two Arnolfos intrudes with something of a shock. Whether there was alongside of Arnolfo di Cambio of Colle, architect, an Arnolfo of Florence, sculptor, is still an open question. Dr. Frey's ingenious argument is far from a demonstration. There even seems to be a lack of candor in failing to quote from de Rossi the inscription Arnolphus Architectus which some scholar of the sixteenth century read on the tomb of Boniface VIII. If the inscription be genuine—and no good reason for doubting it has ever been given—we have very strong grounds for believing that there was but one Arnolfo, as Vasari states, and that he was both sculptor and architect. Apart from this natural over-emphasis of a personal theory, the book is a prodigy not merely of profound learning but of good judgment. Upon the successful launching of this great work Dr. Frey is to be heartily congratulated. As it proceeds, all earlier editions of Vasari perforce become obsolete.

Finance

TAKING THE RECKONING.

When a ship has drifted for a considerable stretch of time under stress of stormy weather, her navigators greet with as much curiosity as interest the first opportunity to take the reckoning. They are likely to learn that their position on the chart is very different from what they had supposed. A somewhat similar experience awaits the financial pilots, when a tempest on the stock exchanges and the money markets has sufficiently abated to make possible some calculation as to where the markets stand.

The surprise which has confronted them, on the present occasion, consisted in their discovery that, at the very moment which they had expected to bring them on the rocks, they were actually in placid waters. Nothing more uneventful, on the home or foreign money markets and stock exchanges, could be imagined than the present week, in which those markets have been face to face with the "October settlements" and a European war. Money has, if anything, been easier; stock markets have grown inactive and in many localities have recovered; the great banks of Europe, whose credit facilities showed so heavy a strain in last week's reports, have this week shown large gain in cash and extensive reduction of loans.

That the "quarterly settlements" should have produced so slight disturbance, resulted clearly from the fact that they had prepared abundantly in advance. The apathetic response to the Mediterranean episode may have had other causes. In some ways, it was not very complimentary to Italy that the world's financial markets should have treated its war with such indifference. It might, no doubt, have complicated the diplomatic end of things if consols had gone to 70, and Paris had faced a panic instead of last Thursday's easy-going Bourse settlement, and the German bank rate had advanced to 7 per cent. That might have given the Continental Ministries a new view of Italian statecraft. But large affairs impress the markets, and the presumption is bound to linger, if the markets refuse to be impressed, that the affair is not large. Europe did

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not like Napoleon any better because consols went to 50 when he resumed his military intrigues, but at all events it took him seriously. There was a week or two when our own war with Spain had a bit of the opera-bouffe complexion; but we fought two first-rate naval battles, nearly came to a brush with Germany's Admiral Diedrich, had some words with France, and the markets saw that they must reflect things. There was not quite the air which surrounds the Italian adventure, of calling on an enemy to fight whose hands are tied, and of prowling about the sea after ships which do not exist.

Financial markets, however, judge these matters philosophically, and are quite content that this quarrel should be kept in one back-yard. If they have not been able even to go through the motions of an orthodox "war scare" on the present occasion, they are at least aware that a real disturbance of the political equilibrium would have been most inconvenient.

It was to be expected, in the natural order of events, that when markets would not break on the invasion of Tripoli and the "October settlements," some one should draw the inference that prosperity once more had us in its grip. The president of the New York Central sounded the first note of optimism. Whether it was or was not a fact of particular reassurance, that the "prosperity coming for all" should be discovered by the telescope which first detected impending railway bankruptcy when the Interstate Commerce Commission held up the general advance in rates, is perhaps a question. One might even criticise the remark ascribed to James J. Hill in another interview, to the effect that nothing now is needed to insure "a period of prosperity never before excelled" except "complete restoration of confidence." There are such things as truisms, or, as Wall Street would express it, predictions with a string to them.

Nevertheless, in some directions there are signs of slowly improving business. It is easier to detect them when the stock market is advancing. But it is also true that autumn is apt to bring some turn for the better after a long depression. This is not wholly because of that favorite and unanswerable argument that "business can never stop entirely in a nation of ninety million souls." It results more particularly from the fact that, when stocks of goods have been allowed to run almost to the shelf in a time of general depression, arrival of the period when merchants have to make preparations for the regular needs of another season usually shows that matters are not quite so bad as we had imagined.

Perhaps it is more than this. Wall Street no doubt is skeptical, on the basis of its traditional belief that a break in stocks, like that of August and September, must find its counterpart, later on, in shrinkage of trade activity. But there are some things at least potentially very favorable. Every one in his senses ought to know that the trouble with trade, as with the Stock Exchange, was the obstinate maintenance of high prices. People would not buy stocks at the figures of July; but they would not buy iron either, or cotton goods. The story really was the same in all three industries, and in many others. Actual consumers could not be interested, save by a lowering of prices, and presently merchants with stocks of steel or cottons to sell were competing to mark their prices down and get the trade. But iron is now down to the lowest since 1906; cotton to the lowest since 1909, and stocks have followed their example. Wall Street said it was President Taft and Mr. Wickersham, or "Morocco," or the attack on the House of Lords, which had caused the lower prices. But possibly there were other causes also, and if there were, they have been in a considerable degree removed.

Naturally, it cannot be assumed that, merely because prices have come down, the entire consuming community will rush headlong into the market. That is not so on the Stock Exchange, and it is not the rule in outside trade. There is usually a period of inaction, in which both buyers and sellers are getting used to the lower prices, and trying to make sure that they will not go still lower. That period is often uncomfortably prolonged. But the main thing is to discover which way the wind is blowing. This is not wholly easy to do as yet, either in America or in Europe; but the horizon at any rate is clearer.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Albright, E. M. Descriptive Writing. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Baker, Etta A. Fairmount Girls in School and Camp. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Baldry, A. L. The Practice of Water-Colour Painting. Illustrations in color. Macmillan. $5 net.
Barbour, R. H. Finkler's Field: A Story of School and Baseball. D. Appleton. $1.25.
Barclay, F. L. The Following of the Star. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Baum, L. Frank. The Sea Fairies. Chicago: Reilly & Britton. $1.25.
Blake, William. The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, and A Song of Liberty. Introduction by F. G. Stokes. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Book of Woman's Power. Introduction by Ida M. Tarbell. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Brown, Alice. The One-footed Fairy and Other Stories. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Business Administration. Theory, Practice, and Application. Chicago: La Salle Extension University.
Cotter, F. Poems. John W. Lovell.
Calman, W. T. The Life of Crustacea. Macmillan. $2 net.
Calthrop, D. C. The Harlequin Set. Lane. $1 net.
Calvert, Albert F. Spain. With over 1,700 illustrations. 2 vols. Dutton. $15 net.
Carver, T. N. Principles of Rural Economics. Boston: Ginn. $1.30.
Charades. By an Idle Man. Boston: Little, Brown. $1 net.
Child, R. W. The Man in the Shadow. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Childs, R. S. Short-Ballot Principles. Boston: Houghton Mifflin.
Danielson, F. W. Little Animal Stories; In Play Land. 2 vols. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1 net each.
Dillon, John F. Municipal Corporations. Fifth edition. Vol. V. Boston: Little, Brown.
Doyle, A. Conan. Songs of the Road. Garden City: Doubleday, Page.
Edmundson, George. Anglo-Dutch Rivalry, 1600-1653: Being the Ford Lectures Delivered at Oxford, 1910. Frowde.
Farmer, F. M. Catering for Special Occasions, with Menus and Recipes. Philadelphia: David McKay. $1 net.
Flournoy, T. Spiritism and Psychology. Translated by H. Carrington. Harper. $2 net.
Furnivall. Frederick James Furnivall: A Volume of Personal Record. Frowde. $1.40 net.
Garner, J. W. Government in the United States. American Book Co. $1.
Gilbert, Henry. King Arthur's Knights: Tales Retold for Boys and Girls. Illustrations in color by Walter Crane. London: T. C. & E. C. Jack.
Gilman, Bradley. The Sultan's Rival: A Story for Boys. Boston: Small, Maynard.
Glass, Montague. Abe and Mawruss. Garden City: Doubleday, Page. $1.20.
Gleig, Charles. Contraband Tommy. (The £200 Prize Story for Boys.) London: T. C. & E. C. Jack.
Halfyard, S. F. Fundamentals of the Christian Religion. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.
Hastings, Wells. The Man in the Brown Derby. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Hawkes, Clarence. King of the Thundering Herd: Biography of an American Bison. Philadelphia: Jacobs & Co.
Henderson, C. H. Pay-Day. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Henderson, Mrs. L. R. S. The Magic Aeroplane: A Fairy Tale. Chicago: Reilly & Britton. $1.
Henry, O. Sixes and Sevens. Garden City. Doubleday, Page. $1.20.
Herbert, Agnes. Casuals in the Caucasus: Diary of a Sporting Holiday. Lane. $4 net.
Hill, David J. Völkerorganization und der moderne Staat. Berlin. Egon Fleischel.
Hill, F. T. On the Trail of Grant and Lee. D. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Hill, Marion. Harmony Hall: A Story for Girls. Boston: Small, Maynard.
Hodge, W. The Guest of Honor. Boston: Chapple Pub. Co. $1.25 net.
Home, G. The Motor Routes of England (Western Section). Macmillan. $2.25 net.
Hughan, Jessie W. American Socialism of the Present Day. Lane. $1.25 net.
Hugon, C. Social France in the XVIIth Century. Macmillan. $3 net.
Hume, Fergus. The Steel Crown. Dillingham. $1.25 net.
Huneker, J. Franz Liszt. Scribner. $2 net.
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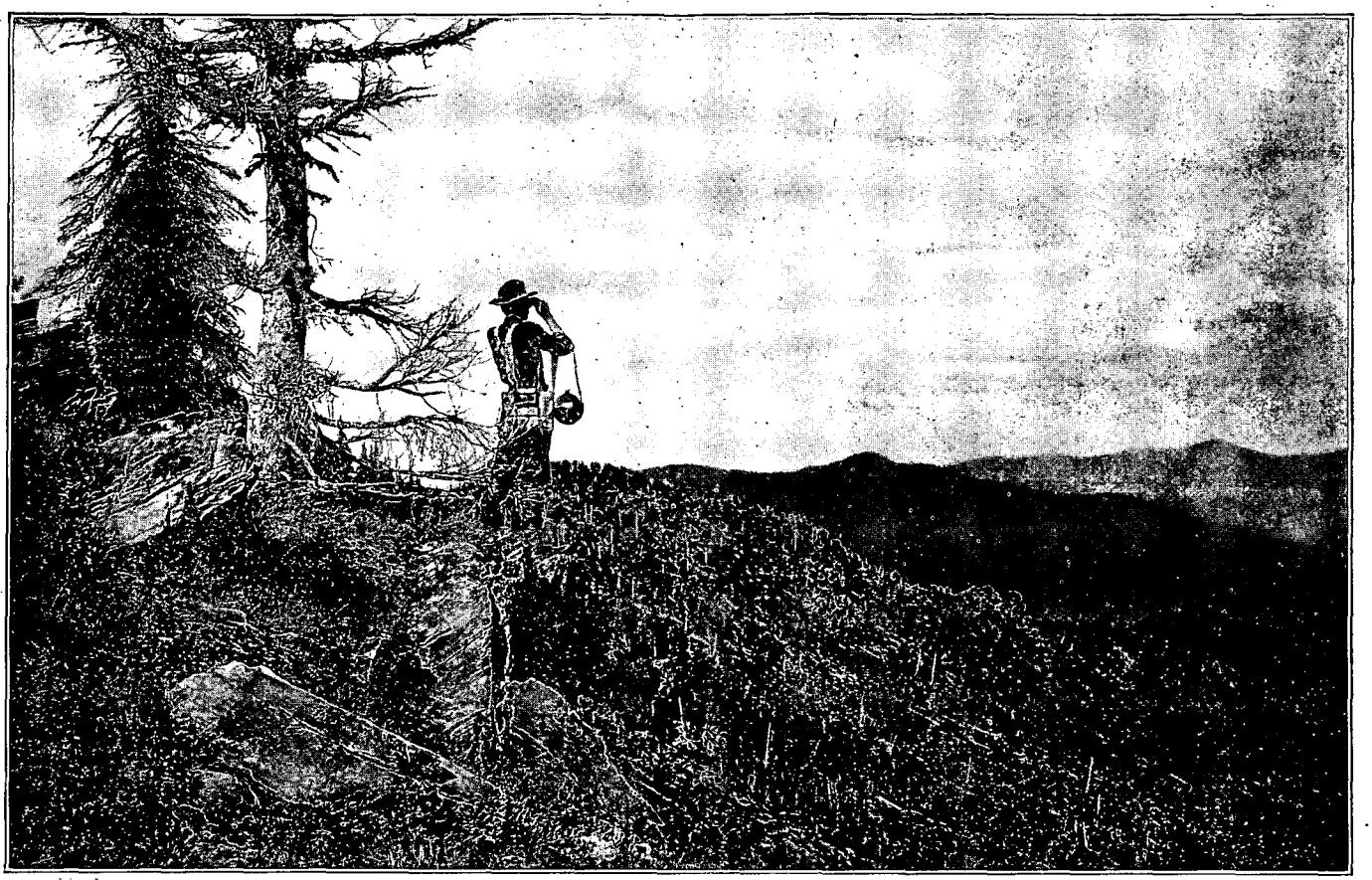

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